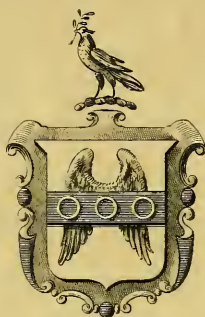


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LANDSCAPE ARCHITECTURE.



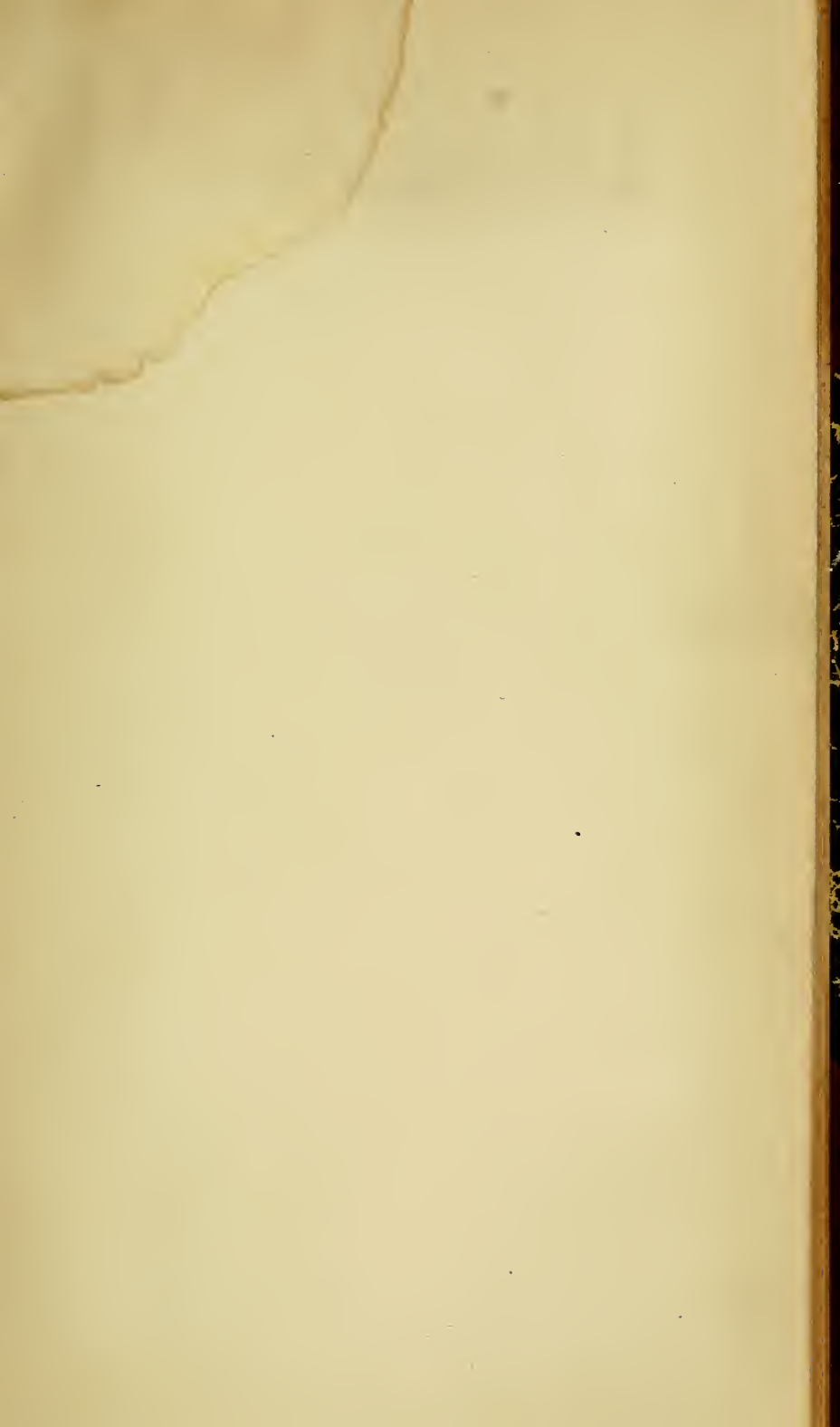
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1896.*





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And near Ben Nevis high and hoar  
I've heard the song of mirth,  
And too, the wail of woe, that o'er  
The earth is oft held forth;

But yet, the sweetest song that once  
Did glad the heart of man,  
It is the song of innocence,  
That lulls all grief and pain.  
Song of the FINE TREE, p. 59.

THE  
BEAUTIES OF NATURE:

AND

HOW FAR THEY TRANSCEND THOSE OF ART,

IN

LANDSCAPE GARDENING.

A Poem.

BY

JAMES SINCLAIR.

---

"Thou art, Oh God, the life and light  
Of all this wondrous world we see;  
Its glow by day, its smile by night,  
Are but reflections caught from Thee:  
Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,  
And all things fair and bright are Thine."  
MOORE.

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LONDON:

HOULSTON AND STONEMAN,

65 PATERNOSTER ROW.

1852.

Mr. & Mrs. James M. Codman,  
Nov. 24, 1896.



## INTRODUCTION.

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THE object of the following Poem is, to introduce a new era in the art of Landscape Gardening. An attempt is now made for to lay down fixed principles, for the production of real beauty in that art. For the purpose of gaining the above object, parallel lines, either in the shape of roads, flower-borders, grass or gravel-walks, or in any other way, are totally disused; thereby this method of laying out grounds is strictly original, and totally different from any other ever used in this or any other country. Not only is here laid down rules for the dispensing with parallel lines, but also for the proper distribution of trees, shrubs, and every kind of plant, so as not to produce a chaos by their improper admixture;—in short, the object here, is to point out a method of blending together large or small masses of wood, gravel, lawn, or water, so as to produce a beautiful picture, having order and regularity reigning in every part.

The Author speaks the more confidently on the subject of Nature's multifarious ways of distributing her trees, shrubs, herbaceous plants, rocks, &c.; and of man's efforts to do the same in his way—from his having not only seen how such is done in England and Scotland, but also on the mountains and plains of Spain, Portugal, Greece, Turkey, Tartary, South Russia, Moldavia, Wallachia, Transylvania, Hungary, Croatia and Bohemia; and by the cities of Constantinople, Odessa,

## INTRODUCTION.

Vienna, Dresden, Berlin, Potsdam, Magdenburgh, Hanover, Colonge, Brussels, Paris, &c. If he can now make, but one step towards the beautifying of some of our English residences, by planting trees, raising mounds, making roads, lawns, or shrubberies—or by pointing out some of the beauties found in Natural Landscape, and how far they transcend those of art—he will feel highly gratified.

The whole of the following descriptions, observations, suggestions, &c., are put into verse, as the author considers the scenes met with in wild Nature, as very suitable for being so described.

J. S.

LONDON, *December*, 1851.

## THE BEAUTIES OF NATURE.

---

Oh! Thou who giv'st the glowing tints to day,  
And unto sable night, the hue always ;  
Whose glories bright shall never pass away :  
Oh! may I lift my voice to Thee in praise,  
And adoration too, be such my lays.  
Thou who dost spread the landscape to the sight  
In every clime and country, where man strays,  
And deckest too with everlasting light,  
And wisdom all, Thy works, that teem upon the sight.

Thou who dost spread forth in the wilderness,  
Enchantment unto beings here below ;  
And who dost also nurture loveliness,  
And also heat, and cold, to give the glow  
Of beauty and magnificence below :  
Around the Avalanche, upon the mount,  
The wild flower cradled, is amid the snow ;  
But yet it does all obstacles surmount  
There, by the power of Nature's god, the flowering plant

And too, the mighty tree does oft arise,  
Fann'd by the balmy breezes of the south ;  
There does each grow and glow amid the skies,  
Where man ne'er trode, or held his song of mirth,  
And where his requiem never issued forth :  
There grows too many a plant and fragrant blooming  
Whose incense in the gale from south to north [flower,  
Is carried onward, through each lovely bower,  
That may be met with there, both far and near.

Still may I learn to meekly now forth sing  
 The glories of the landscape teeming here  
 In winter, summer, autumn too, and spring  
 A voice still speaks, and there in wisdom pure  
 Does spread out beauty ever beaming fair,—  
 And may my feeble hand be guided still,  
 As it does try to pen of what does peer  
 Upon the hill and in the lonely dale—  
 Spread there by Him who dost the universe here fill

With beauty beaming here in many ways,  
 And wisdom that does earth for aye adorn ;  
 And sea, and sky, and sounding shore likewise,  
 At noon-day bright, or eve, or rising morn :  
 Such teem upon our sight, and does us warn,  
 That there 's a God that rules the earth below ;  
 And decks the field, and ever fills the barn  
 With food for man, in ways he does not know,  
 As he does onward on life's journey go.

For if man towers up to the mountain peak,  
 Or dives unto the coral-bed below ;  
 Innumerable truths do to him speak  
 Of Nature's good and ever-cheering law,  
 That lives unerring wheresoe'er we go ;  
 And does in truth pour forth unto us here,  
 What poet cannot ere do justice to,  
 Or painter, sage, or saint, howe'er so fair,  
 Their pictures may be made in every sphere.

Or if man pauses 'mid the forest flowers—  
 Or 'mid the trees that in the forest rise—  
 Or 'mid the rocks, and dales, and sacred bowers  
 Of Nature's making,—all may be seen wise,  
 And too harmoniously illumin'd always  
 With life and light, and too with love and joy,  
 That rises and re-echoes forth in praise  
 Of the Creator, who does here employ  
 That wisdom, that 's unbounded in the night and day.

Or, if he pauses 'mid the forest drear,  
 Where foot of man ne'er trode in joy or woe,  
 Or too, among the depths of valleys there :  
 He still may find food as he there does go  
 For contemplation, that makes wise below.  
 He sees the tree rise up afar on high  
 Deep in the forest, that no art we know  
 Can make it rise ; although we often try  
 To plant, and prune, fair Nature shames us aye.

She sows her seeds as we do lie asleep,  
 And covers them unknown too, unto us  
 High on the mountain and the rocky steep,  
 Where they do rise up in the crevices,  
 And then in time to crown the lofty precipice :  
 No land is tilled here, by Nature fair—  
 No plough, no pick-axe, or no hoe is once  
 Ere wanted, where does rise up there so pure,  
 The mighty forests spread on many a shore.

And on the islands of the river wide—  
 And on the banks of many a spreading lake—  
 And on the steeps that deck the ocean's side—  
 And on the mighty swamp does also speak  
 The power that ever is o'er earth awake,  
 To spread the seeds and scatter them afar—  
 To make the landscape glow, and to awake  
 The choirsters of the earth, from many a brake.

---

High over the cliff where the cataract flows,  
 Where the antelope bounds, and the young roe leaps,  
 Does the wild-fowl cleave the sky as he goes :  
 To spread o'er the plains and the mountain steeps  
 The treasures of earth for the good of all here,  
 Whom the god of fair Nature does aye make his care.

Though barren and bare does the earth often seem,  
 Yet still it is clothed in that purest green  
 That ever does gladden, and too does redeem  
 The scenes that are on it, spread out unto men ;  
 For the green it is grateful here, aye to the sight—  
 By day or by night it does ever delight.

Man the forest may rase, but it springs up again  
 By the power unchanging, that never does sleep ;  
 But still tries to heal every wound among men,  
 And too, among plants, on the land and the deep :  
 By it do we breathe, and upon the earth go,  
 Still watched by those vigils, aye constant and true,

That sleep not, nor slumber, on hill or on plain,  
 Or sea, or yet river, or desert, or wood,  
 They heal up the ravages oft-made, and pain  
 By mankind's own doing, on ocean and flood—  
 Such is Nature, whose God never slumbers or sleeps  
 On earth, or in air, but each care ever keeps.

---

Or, if man lingers by the river's form,  
 Or, by the mossy bank deep in the glen  
 Where glaciers teem amid the starless storm  
 That rides gigantic o'er the mountain plain,  
 And too below upon the watery main,  
 Where oft the lightnings rend and do lay low  
 The bounding bark, that is oft filled with men ;  
 As well as on the mountain does forth blow,  
 The mighty storm that oft lays man's-work low.

Yet Nature's harmony is undisturbed,  
 And still unhurt does rise up in the spring ;  
 The budding rose, and too, the flowery bed  
 Of cowslips fair, that to the rock do cling  
 For generations long, and fear no being.  
 The mighty oak, and too, the little flower  
 Do drink the dews, as does the wild wood ring  
 With echoes loud from many a lovely bower,  
 That decks the mountain side near and afar.

Or, if man wanders o'er the arid steppe,  
Still may he find there, glories to expand,  
And too, upon that waste see wisdom deep,  
Made for to flow forth there on every hand,  
By that Almighty power that does attend  
To all on earth that do upon it live.  
There does the water flow, and too is found  
Food for the cattle that do live and move ;  
And too, the herdsman that with them do rove

From plain to plain, throughout the rolling year,  
To each in summer and in winter too  
Does joy arise, that often earth does cheer,  
And man and beast that wanders on it through  
In autumn hall, or 'mid the wreathes of snow.  
The rains do blow, and then the frosts do send  
Their fertilizing influence to endow  
The earth, with riches that to man does lend,  
What gold could never buy, unto earth's end.

But to my task, and let me simply try  
For to describe the beauties made by man  
Around his home, to make him ever gay,  
And for to soothe his cares here in life's span,  
That often tedious is and also lone ;  
And too a harmless fancy it must be,  
To raise up scenes for man to wander in  
At morn, when does the sun rise o'er the sea ;  
Or when the pale moon shines so pure and gay

Upon those liquid mirrors that do spread,  
Where does the smooth lawn circle them around :  
Oh ! what can make here beauty like to tread  
Forth in the listening eve, and also blend  
Here wisdom and reflection by the mound ;  
Or by the crystal stream, wherein is seen  
Pure and unspotted there those rays that lend  
A radiance 'mid the trees of evergreen,  
Whose lights and shadows sparkle deep within

The bosom of the lake, when then does fall  
 Those lovely shadows on the mossy lawn,  
 Or on the piled-up rock or waterfall ;  
 Where does the murmur cheer on earth the lone  
 And oft desponding sons of mortal men.  
 There is a spell among those scenes that long  
 Does cleave unto the hearts of men, wherein  
 The days of youth are pictured, and each song  
 Of innocence recalled, when man was young.

There is a spell that lingers round the heart  
 Of scenes that did delight the infant eye ;  
 And from the same, does here the work of art  
 Meet much that tends here often to display  
 A taste that is unchaste, and pass'd away :  
 The forms and lines that met the eye in youth,  
 And charmed it too, will seldom 'mong us die :  
 We ask not, What 's the cause ; or where is truth  
 Displayed true unto Nature, as do such spring forth ?

Nor do we ask, Why is our taste for that  
 That doth contain not beauty, if not made  
 And copied from those scenes that there no blot  
 Or blemish is through time found in the wood  
 Of Nature's planting, by the hill or flood ?  
 We do not know, nor yet do we enquire,  
 But take it here foregranted, that no good  
 Can spring up, if we try to differ here  
 From what our neighbours have done now for many a year

Among man's works below, each varying scheme  
 Does here unfold itself for doing good ;  
 Or to improve as he thinks what does teem  
 Around his home, as doth tower forth the wood :  
 He cuts it down, and then too, in its stead  
 Displays his taste, and makes stand forth to view  
 Such forms as fancy paints ; and in his head  
 Do hold their reign when he does here renew  
 The woods, and wilds, that Nature here does strew.



He often tries to make all things anew ;  
And spares not money also to improve  
The landscape that is formal to the view ;  
And too, the wild-wood and the shady grove,  
And mountain rock, and also river wave  
Is decorated, and made to appear  
Here in a dress quite new ; all then does brave  
The elements, but never on earth here  
So well, or yet so pure, as Nature's scenes so fair.

But, ah ! too often does man wander far  
By trying to surpass those forms that move  
Deep in the lonely grove or forest fair,  
Where human beings there do seldom rove.  
There may we learn then, truly to improve  
Our homes, and make them ever here to glow,  
Enriched with beauty, and with life and love ;  
And order too, and harmony, where no  
Discordant forms can ever stand below.

Man often tries to raise a mass of rock,  
Or for to build a deep and caverned grot ;  
And too to raise a hill, and make a walk,  
Or plant a wood on some deserted spot ;  
And there, at random, he does often sport  
His circles and ellipses, not a few ;  
And then he makes the water for to spout  
High o'er the rock, and spreads out to the view  
The lake, and lawn, and much more even too.

He also makes the swelling river bend,  
And forms out islands, and too waterfalls ;  
And rock on rock is piled up for to lend  
That murmur to the ear, like to the vales  
Where tumbles from the crag the foam that swells  
And bubbles forth in beauty there sublime :  
Far in the wood, or in the mountain dells,  
By moss-grown rocks—in miniature like them  
That foam on high in many a distant clime.

But, ah ! his efforts are but feeble here,  
 In trying thus to build, and to make bowers,  
 Bestrewed with scenes to glad the eye and ear—  
 Where blended, there is many a bed of flowers,  
 And many a shrub, and tree, that upward towers :  
 But still without that harmony below,  
 And glorious tints too, found 'mong Nature's cares  
 That silently out-does what man can do ;  
 And puts him aye to shame, and his perfection too.

He who destroys to raise around him here  
 Scenes like unto her pathless woods below—  
 Faint, faint, is the resemblance that does peer  
 From mankinds' hand, e'en with materials too  
 Of Nature's own, that he can find round now :  
 But, yet, the scenes that he now here enrobes,  
 Do send no rapture to the soul, or glow,  
 Like those unspotted vegetable tribes,  
 Where every color, life and light imbibes

From that same fountain from whose limpid springs  
 Are spread o'er earth, from one zone to another ;  
 That fount where teemeth life on airy wings  
 Across the deep—and where no storm can smother  
 That life, that is here lighted by the mother  
 Of all on earth and sky, and by that God  
 That governs all, and is to all, a Father !  
 Upon the sea, and land, and river's tide,  
 And high in air, where do the planets glide.

In glory and refulgence, and in wonder,  
 The lights and shadows do appear each day  
 By the rude brook that bubbles far, far under ;  
 Or by the cataract, where waters play  
 For centuries here, amid light ambient spray,  
 Up by the cloud-capt summit of the mount,  
 Or by the ocean's tractless shores so gay :—  
 But yet, man never can on earth here plant,  
 Or form a mass, or outline like to what is aye forth sent

By that inimitable touch and living glow  
 That makes each wild tree ever here endure  
 The heat, or yet the pelting storm below :  
 No stake is wanted there trees to secure—  
 Or yet, no covering from the storms that lower—  
 Or frosts that bind the river's rolling tide :  
 All is adapted in each distant bower  
 And arid desert, that no winds that glide  
 Can ere destroy, what Nature there does spread.

In hidden depths unseen, unknown to us,  
 Do spring the glorious tree, and spreads afar,  
 And from it pours down treasures that make bliss  
 To myriads of earth's creatures, far and near,  
 That revel on the fruits that do earth ever cheer :  
 A voice does speak in woods and rolling streams,  
 And in the depths of mighty caverns here ;  
 And makes all smile by those unspotted gleams  
 That gladden, and too many an hour redeems.

Frail man is often wonderous cunning here,  
 In planting round his lands and mansion too  
 Those groups, to make variety appear  
 A leading feature—that must add unto  
 The richness of his grounds, as he does so ;  
 At least, he thinks, if he can here collect  
 Some hundred species, and well mix them too  
 In masses large and small, he does expect  
 For to accomplish such, and too command respect.

He does collect ; and for that end and aim  
 He makes a clump expand before his door ;  
 And does cram in it—for to have the same  
 As much as it will hold, or as can there  
 Be planted ; and by blending such he does not fear  
 To have variety, that will for him secure  
 Applause by many a profile that does peer  
 From out this mass of fond man's mixture here,  
 That might indeed draw forth Claude Lorrain's tear

Were he alive to witness this sad taste,  
 That is spread far and wide upon the earth ;  
 And at the best is ever here unchaste—  
 And ill-accords with that, that should shine forth  
 Around the mansions of the men of worth,  
 And also talent ; that do live and make  
 A point of having all that south or north  
 Can yield, for to make round them speak  
 That living beauty, that ought aye to wake.

Oh ! man, canst thou from year to year sit still,  
 And view some landscapes that must ever tell  
 A tale unto thee, that may here instil  
 Those principles ; that in the galleries dwell  
 Where art expands, that may teach mortals frail,  
 Here not to mix so many kinds of trees  
 Or flowering plants, that cannot ever fail  
 To make a chaos, that makes art and skill  
 Shrink from the spot, where beauty ne'er can fill

The painter's heart with love, or make it yield  
 To copy here the robes that men put on  
 The hill, and dale, and too the spreading field—  
 And round the homes of thousands of rich men  
 That do deserve a better dress upon  
 Their precincts than what oft each by us has  
 Put round its often high and lovely throne ;  
 That 's oft disfigured and made hedious,  
 As man does try to charm all with its dress.

Go to the mountain peak ye lovers here  
 Of true variety, and there look down  
 Upon wild Nature's robes, that do appear  
 Not like to man's fair planting, is her own ;  
 She never has her works around o'er done  
 With numerous species, that confusion makes :  
 And too, upon the earth such cannot crown  
 The hopes of him, that undertakes to mix  
 Some forty species in one mass, that beauty's thirst ne'er  
 slakes.

The man of taste can ne'er see beauty beam  
 In this sad mixture, that for ever strays  
 From natural beauty—that is found to teem  
 In pure simplicity, in wonderous ways  
 And colors, that do round us ever stream,  
 In that pure form that here does ever please  
 The painter or the poet's eye that beam  
 With love of scenes that meekly do arise  
 Around the palace, or the cot always.

Frail mortals are we, and too short in sight,  
 As we collect here many a foreign tree,  
 And plant them in a mass that no delight  
 Can ere spring from ; as we may often see  
 E'en by their outline in the night or day ;  
 And that alone might even guide us, never  
 To practice art, that cannot glad the eye  
 Or yet afford—let man be ere so clever—  
 A ray of bliss, if he here deviates from fair Nature ever.

But this disease itself does often cure  
 Man's passion—for variety's destroyed  
 By that excess and over-doing here  
 That often has annoyed, and too, low laid  
 The painter's hopes, among such light and shade  
 As does rise up 'mong trees at random set  
 Into their places ; such scenes aye are dead  
 And lifeless to that eye, that beauty bright  
 Distinguishes, and there finds true delight.

But many such do natural beauty call,  
 And too, they revel o'er it with delight  
 As some who often figure at a ball,  
 Or blow an instrument far out of sight ;  
 Although the ear can find no waking sprite,  
 That does delight the heart in many ways.  
 Such is the human eye, and too, each sight  
 That rises to it, where fair nature gives  
 Not that, for to discern true beauty as it lives.

But if man really longs for beauty here  
 Around his home or in his flowery fields,  
 Let him just ask the question,—Is my share  
 Of knowledge of what such here ever yields,  
 Sufficient for the task of making wilds  
 Here, look more beauteous than they did before ?  
 If not, just call that person in, who wields  
 Those lines that do adorn, and spread out here  
 True grace and beauty, nearer Nature's pure.

Man here his brother ought aye to assist,  
 Although it is a thankless task oft-times  
 To offer here, for nought, to make man blest,  
 Is oft unpardonable in all climes.  
 But now, such men I will not now in rhymes  
 Ere desecrate, as I am e'en like those ;  
 And as I have some knowledge of the times  
 I offer now my aid to try to please,  
 And help those that may choose to take advice.

And in the meantime, gratis, each may have  
 A hint or two ; but that will never do  
 As men do differ sadly where we live :  
 No precepts are upon the earth below  
 Like to examples, as all men do know.  
 Should this ere meet the eye of him who does  
 Wish here for something new round him to glow,  
 Just ask me, and I'll quickly to him go  
 And point out all, I on the subject know.

Now, I would hint, as far as I have seen,  
 If man does want to have a flowery bed  
 In some fair corner, for to raise a scene  
 Of rapture or of beauty round his head,  
 Upon the lawn or on the flowery mead—  
 If he does wish for flowers or trees that will  
 Stand beauteous forth in forms there richly clad,  
 I would advise him first to study well  
 What he will do to raise up such a spell.

And let him ask the question, Do I know  
 Myself what I do want—have I a plan  
 Within my head, or upon paper now,  
 Of what is necessary to be done  
 With this same spot, for to here please all men?  
 If I have now no stated plan near by,  
 Have I not heard it said here o'er again,  
 That without something for to guide mine eye,  
 I may go far and wide, from beauty here astray?

Have I not also heard, with grief and pain,  
 That e'en a bad plan oft is better here  
 Than to have none, among the sons of men?  
 But if I have not good or bad, to cheer  
 Me and my grounds; I doubt I'll wander far,  
 And if I make ought now, yet grief and pain  
 May rise one day around me, and rise care  
 Instead of beauty on the hill or plain,  
 If I spend money and too, care in vain.

Such is the man who plants without a plan—  
 He often ends where he at first set out,  
 Perplexed, much as he can never scan  
 The real beauty that no eye could yet  
 Ere view in vain, upon the world throughout:  
 But if man only wants himself to please,  
 And for to lull his care, he digs a moat,  
 Or builds a hill, or makes a vale, or maze,  
 'Tis nothing to his neighbour whatso'er he does.

For men, that here get rich oft in a hurry,  
 Have got some curious fancies round them teem;  
 Some e'en will set to work in a great flurry,  
 For to remove a mountain, great by them:  
 But yet they often here pull down the same,  
 And too, with pleasure as they have that whim;  
 Then put in force, they never think of shame,  
 Or care about the cost, where is lit passion's flame:  
 By such, do wondrous deeds spring up in many a clime.

The first great question he himself should ask  
 Is, Do I know here how to plant a tree  
 For to ensure its growth? And if that task  
 He can accomplish, he does here display  
 More skill than millions here of mortals that do stray;  
 For many trees are planted that ne'er grow—  
 And many more do linger here below—  
 And may be said they live not, or yet die,  
 As Nature is still kind where erring man does stray.

Some men are wonderous cunning here at planting,  
 By digging holes as deep as they are long;  
 So that the tap-root of the tree 's not slanting,  
 As they do plant it deep in soil that 's strong  
 And stiff, and rich, which cannot here be wrong.  
 They bury deep the rootlets in the earth  
 Where summer's drought or winter's cold so strong  
 Can reach not there, to injure there the growth  
 Of their fair hopes, that does not grow forsooth.

E'en now a simple question let me hint—  
 How does fair nature manage with her trees,  
 To clothe the mountain high with many a plant,  
 And blooming flower to feed the honey-bees?  
 Does ever she dig holes as man here does?  
 Do ere her cares forget to bring their fruit?  
 Like many here of man's fair shrubs and trees,  
 That do have skill and labour round them put,  
 That the wild tree requires not on the earth throughout.

Now to the novice in the art of planting,  
 A simple precept to him I may give;  
 But yet, I hope he will not think me vaunting,  
 As I do wish his trees may grow and live  
 And here be stout and healthy, to improve  
 The pleasure garden, or the fruit one either:  
 Just let him plant them shallow, and above  
 The land adjoining, and in years see whether  
 By this same plan, he does not some fruit gather.



If he believes this not, then let him hie  
 To where the wild woods reign, and look well there ;  
 Or by the river's bending forms forth stray,  
 And see if trees are not aye well-drained near  
 The water's edge, there higher aye than where  
 The level land does spread, or water either;  
 For o'er the earth does ever Nature fair  
 Plant high her trees, yea e'en the mountain heather,  
 And thousand other plants will flourish not, if not used as  
 their mother

Does always use her cares in every land,  
 Yea e'en the plants and trees that moisture love ;  
 Their roots will perish if too much 's at hand  
 Of that same element, that does make thrive  
 The plants of every land, and does keep them alive.  
 Go search the world o'er the mountains aye  
 Contain the treasures that add life and love  
 Unto the landscape, where the man must try  
 To raise up mounds both great and small for every tree.

Or, if the novice soars up higher still,  
 And wishes true variety to teem  
 Around his mansion or around each vale,—  
 A word or two may not officious seem,  
 Providing such is given now unto them  
 That have not got a good adviser here  
 For to direct, suggest, or to proclaim  
 What should be done to shun the follies where  
 Both pains and money soon may be lost there.

Man here may want for to improve for fame,  
 Or he may want the same to do for profit—  
 Or it may be he wants e'en both of them :  
 A wise, and too a good and virtuous light,  
 May light his lamp, as he does earnest get  
 In making old things new, for reasons here  
 Known only to the man that such does fit  
 The tree into its proper soil, where ne'er  
 It will once fail, if climate is observed, and also care.

The grand materials for his aim and end  
 Are buildings, water, trees, and also ground,  
 And stone, and lime, and bricks, and also sand  
 Must be brought forth all ready to his hand,  
 If he must make anew what will to use here tend :  
 Now first of all, he may go forth and try  
 If he can find upon his own waste land  
 A mine of stone which must be pleasant aye,  
 And if he finds not such, some neighbour may the same  
 supply :

And where he means that his fair house must stand,  
 Does want a little skill the same to place  
 As due regard to health, and to command  
 A prospect good of other scenes, that grace  
 Will add much to the scenes that now he means to raise :  
 But let not envy ever make him here  
 For to outdo his neighbours, place his house  
 In a wrong site, where future toil or care  
 Can move it not through many a rolling year ;

And the stone's texture and its color too,  
 Is here a matter that may often tend  
 To beauty, and to weather all below  
 The elements that kill, where strength does lend  
 Not here its aid, to make such long years stand :  
 But let its hue be white, or green, or blue,  
 Or spotted, or yet red, or grey—no friend  
 Will ere find fault if man does ever do  
 His best, in finding what may build a mansion fair and new.

Some say that man here ought to cautious be,  
 Not for to have his house a shining white ;  
 But I do say, that Nature's colors aye  
 Can never here once fail to give delight,  
 If man does ever use them here aright :  
 By different colors in a house, he may  
 Place different shades of trees, that will each light  
 And make a picture, pure by night or day,  
 Where taste and judgment here does lead the way.

The question now that will to man arise,  
 What style of architecture is here held  
 In high repute among the good and wise,  
 For to create effect, and please the young and old?  
 But time, by patience, may the same unfold:  
 Shall man repair to Rome or Athens now  
 To see the remnants of the days of old?  
 And guide his steps as he does building go,  
 By these same relicks that we are told now

Are still perfections height in every clime?  
 It may be so, but let him stay at home,  
 As I am sure, no ancient art to him  
 Can ever be of use, through running time  
 In making him lay out his gardens, Rome  
 Or yet no ancient site can teach him that,  
 That sober reason, and too, virtuous fame,  
 Can teach men in the palace or the cot,  
 If he from pure simplicity does waver not.

I now would not advise men for to think,  
 That all is gold that glitters round us here;  
 For in our taste, we stand upon the brink  
 Of pure absurdity, that here no care  
 Can save our styles if built on sand or air;  
 We here have but a short time all to live,  
 And too, the plainer that our buildings are  
 If large and strong, they never can us grieve,  
 Whate're the style is, that we here approve.

Let him not think who wishes for to rear  
 A noble mansion, that its style must aye  
 Be here the Grecian or Italian fair,  
 Or yet the Gothic, or the Chinese way  
 Of building, that the best must always be;  
 For him that always teaches such below,  
 Might as soon say that Greek and Latin may  
 Be better than all other tongues that now  
 Are taught at home, and too, abroad, to high and low.

Vetruvius was no doubt a man of taste,  
 And said, that buildings' parts should correspond  
 And bear proportions here to others, just  
 Like to the members of the body found  
 Among the human race, through Nature's round ;  
 But if he said so, it was little held  
 In estimation by some builders, blind  
 To all those rules that ever do unfold  
 In matchless Nature, aye with wisdom filled.

I would not here advise man for to try,  
 For to deceive his neighbours now by having  
 Each different style a towering up on high,  
 And too, combined there in one little building,  
 As all his skill must end in here unfolding  
 A want of taste, by making new seem old ;  
 Such must at last shine to the judge beholding  
 The same, as not a work of wonder manifold,  
 But of deceit that charms not new or old.

Nor let him think his house will here be mean  
 In look, or yet, e'en dignity want ever,  
 If it has not some carved-out columns clean  
 Around its portals, or its windows over ;  
 True dignity will aye itself discover,  
 And without column or yet arch, may peer  
 Sublimity forth unto the view, and never  
 Without simplicity, can it once rear  
 Its head on high on earth, both far or near.

Just for example here, take one large house  
 Of stone, and also count what extra work  
 And too, expense, are aye attached to those  
 Same cut and carved-out columns, that do mark  
 The fancies of those ages rude and dark :  
 If all the cost of those same ornaments  
 Was counted up, and such put to increase  
 The size of the same building, Oh, what wants  
 Might be supplied, and what a noble pile would rise  
 where saints,

Or sages, might rejoice o'er such, if made a square  
Of great dimensions, pure and chaste within  
And too without : Oh ! then would rise up here  
Those noble structures, that here mortal men  
Might now be proud of in or out of town ;  
But then man fancies has, that must unfurled be,  
And he no doubt does think all very fine,  
And all that I could now unto him say,  
Would change not that same taste that carries now the  
day.

But yet before the mansion's set about,  
It would be necessary here to scan  
The surface of the ground well, well throughout—  
And also too, to have the same begun  
Not in a hurry, that may make the man  
Repent at leisure, and unto his cost ;  
If that he does set out without a plan,  
His time and money may be next to lost,—  
If such is spent, he ne'er can of it boast.

If he does wish that by the sounding shore  
His mansion should shine forth and meekly glow  
He must be careful, not to go too near  
The water, or yet too far from it, so  
That terraces may range down there below  
Unto the water's edge, or far off, he may go  
To have his lawns and such scenes round him too,  
As may be beauteous by the ocean blue,  
Or by the lake, or rivers here that flow.

Near to the ocean fine grounds cannot be  
Expected there to beam around so fair,  
As far, far in the wood, or from the saline spray,  
Where trees will grow much better, than they ere  
Will grow up, by the boundless waters fair ;  
But lovely fountains there at will may play,  
And trees and plants that seek the sandy shore,  
Or the rude rock that skirts the deep blue sea,  
With much more, that need not be nam'd by me.

If man must needs build on a mighty plain—  
 If one part does rise higher than another,  
 Such is a spot, that may be chosen then,  
 If such can ere be had, let friend or father  
 Dissuade him not from doing what he can,  
 To raise his mansion there, and plant it round,  
 And spare not, as those thickets he can thin  
 With some few axes, and make there expand  
 The beauteous lawn, and groups that man may here  
 commend :

But if he can get hill and dale on here to tread  
 In his own grounds, then to work go at once,  
 And he may there do wonders by that shade  
 That oft protects the trees, that do enhance  
 The value of a place, as they in height advance ;  
 Those trees of foreign climes do wonders make  
 Where shade and shelter makes them grow apace ;  
 And where such is not, man at once must take  
 Himself into the woods for shelter there to seek ;

And he will find it too, there gloriously unfold,  
 Deep in the glen, far in the mossy wood,  
 Or even by the margined lake and sea—  
 Or by the mighty rock, from where aloud  
 The eagle shrieks high o'er the towering cloud ;  
 And as he plants in those same favor'd spots,  
 Let him be taught by Nature's mighty stride  
 How to adapt each tree, so that it gets  
 That soil that it found in its native glade,  
 Or near unto it, and such yet may here the eye and  
 heart oft glad.

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The God of Nature and of truth  
 In all His work appears ;  
 In east and west, and north and south,  
 Each land His bounty shares :  
 That sacred power does ever here  
 Adapt each towering tree,  
 And tiny flower that does appear,  
 Unto that destiny

That best here fitted is to all  
That live and glad the earth ;  
No human skill of man's so frail,  
Can comprehend that worth :  
And wisdom that does earth o'erspread  
In every varying clime,  
High on the land, and in the bed  
Of ocean deep sublime !

That God does spread a carpet here  
For man to tread upon,  
That glows more bright and brilliant far  
Than what the art of man  
Can ever paint or picture here,  
Or decorate within  
The palace that high up does tower,  
Where riches there do reign.

Yon sun that sinks down in a blaze  
In streams of golden light,  
And moon that sends its silver rays  
To decorate the night ;  
As well as every twinkling star  
That fills the blue bright sky,  
And does send radiance too afar,  
To gild earth's canopy.

All were in wisdom plann'd by Him  
Who sits in glory crown'd ;  
Who all the universe did frame,  
Above, beneath, around :  
He makes the towering pine to grow,  
And mighty oak to spread ;  
And weeping birch and willow too,  
That hangs sweet o'er the glade.

Yon dark blue sea that roars aloud,  
 Where million beings breathe ;  
 And too, yon frost-built mountain dread,  
 Where milky snows do wreathe,  
 By Artic and Antartic steeps  
 Where mortals never trode,  
 Those hidden heights and mighty deeps  
 Are hid not from that God

Whose eye does penetrate all space,  
 And sees all in that hue ;  
 The hue of truth, where it does rise,  
 O'er all His works below :  
 Yon mountain steep o'erspread with trees,  
 Where does the wild-wolf howl ;  
 And where the young roe bounds at ease,  
 Where storms and tempests roll.

Each there a happy home does find,  
 Among each fissure deep ;  
 That cleaves the rock, where snow or wind  
 Does seldom make them stop  
 From going forth to feed upon  
 Those treasures up in air ;  
 High o'er the cloud and mossy stone,  
 They live and gambol there.

Each mountain was there clothed by Him  
 Who sits on high sublime ;  
 And lives unerring through all time,  
 For ever still the same :  
 Where're we turn our wandering eyes  
 O'er earth, o'er sea and sky ;  
 We see His works all good and wise  
 Stream forth in majesty.



And decorated too with light,  
 That will out-live frail man ;  
 And all those scenes of earth so bright,  
 Where he does wander on :  
 Then can we but adore that God  
 Who spreadeth such around,  
 On every land and every side  
 His glorious do abound.

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The man who wants here shelter and too, shade,  
 Can find it best, far in the towering wood  
 Or forest, that does deck the mountain side ;  
 There he may plant and also do some good,  
 As in such soil, young trees make their abode  
 A happy one, and soon rise up on high,  
 Where whistling winds do never sweep the wood  
 As here they do the plain, 'neath every sky ;  
 'Tis there a man may make his gardens ever glad the eye.

He may cut down the native trees that grow,  
 Or form out groups and walks too, even there  
 That would at first take many years to do ;  
 And on the barren plain likewise much care ;  
 But in the wild wood such do soon appear :  
 If woods are wide and long there breadth may rise,  
 And lawns and roads, both gravel and grass, where  
 Does the wild moss grow soft among the trees,  
 'Tis there the garden rises that may please.

For in the wood man may cut out and carve  
 All things unto his mind, and wonders do ;  
 His trees for soil and shelter will not starve,  
 Nor will his labour ere be lost below,  
 As he does seek the forest high or low :  
 He, hill and dale will also find up there,  
 And tufted glen, and water for to flow  
 From many a brook o'er hung with fern, and where  
 Do rise up scenes he elsewhere cannot share.

Or, if nought can be found but the dead flat  
 Or swamp, where only willows wild do grow,  
 There still is more hope here of such a spot  
 Than of the arid steppe e'en high or low,  
 That does o'erspread the earth where on we go :  
 Some deep canals will dry the same at once,  
 And from such soils may rise up to the view  
 Much that may that same spot still here enhance,  
 And amply its improver recompense.

And after man has chosen for his house—  
 And also for his gardens to his mind—  
 And for each structure that he means to raise,  
 To make all fit to cheer the lover and the friend  
 Of beauty, that does happiness aye lend :  
 The man of taste will many things here want,  
 For to adorn his buildings as they stand,  
 So as to make a picture that to paint,  
 The artist might do so, and such might pleasure grant.

And now, before we further here may go,  
 A word or two about the shapes and forms  
 Of beds, and walks, and deep recesses too,  
 That in fair corners where the sun there warms,  
 May spring to life there what man often charms :  
 The foreign tree and shrub may rise up there  
 Far from its home, and e'en no dire alarms  
 From wind or snow, or tempests that do tear,  
 May rise up round it for to kill it there.

Some men do cram each corner full of trees,  
 And some do circles and fair ovals spread  
 Around their homes, filled with what does them please :  
 Just at the moment when those beds are made,  
 Or what at the same moment then did fill the head,  
 And too the heart, with beauty and with grace,  
 They often plant, and spare not every mead  
 That does spread round their homes, and make the face  
 Of each estate quite altered here, from what it was.

Some make a spreading lawn and do it fill  
 Not here with beauty, but with various kinds  
 Of fruit trees, that from them do here distil  
 Fair fruits, that often gladden here the minds  
 Of tender youth, as each its treasure sends ;  
 And all this is too good, but then the place  
 Where fruits should glow, it is not where there stands  
 The mansion fair that rises up with grace ;  
 But in the fields, they ought to find a resting place.

Some do again fill up their lawns with flowers,  
 And every bed contains too many kinds ;  
 And some have avenues up to their doors,  
 And some are laid quite bare unto the winds ;  
 And others have fair seats there for their friends—  
 And all those things are good, each in its place :  
 There is a clime that shade and shelter tends  
 To make here healthy, and likewise,  
 More places that unsheltered are, here best always.

Some folks do also cram too, round their doors  
 Fair groups of flowering plants in pots and tubs ;  
 And some do statues place, where often towers  
 Each deity of old among their favorite bowers :  
 And some do have their trees to grow like spires—  
 And some do clip them into figures too  
 Of various kinds, to startle unawares  
 The pilgrim that there wanders to and fro  
 Among the gardens that with beauty glow :

And many more do make their lawns expand,  
 And have them intersected also too,  
 Like England fair, that is from strand to strand  
 Bestud with railroads, carrying to and fro  
 There merchandize upon the land below :  
 Some also have here gravel roads enough,  
 And corners sharp and parallel do flow,  
 There many miles of lines throughout the grove,  
 And lawn, and wood, and where does also live

There shrubs and trees, ranged out in many a row,  
 And flowers of many kinds, and edgings made  
 Of thrift and daises, box and turf e'en too ;  
 And many other plants that beauty add  
 Unto the garden, when the leaves do fade :  
 But then they want a little skill, them here  
 For to arrange, and put all on each side  
 Where beauty wants them to be put ; not where  
 Man's fancy says, I now must have them there.

Some also will have straight lines made throughout,  
 And figures like to Euclid's, ranged out there ;  
 And rows of spiry trees will mix'd with what  
 Are called here evergreens ; and then no care  
 Is taken for to mix deciduous ones too there :  
 Vnd some before a lovely group of trees  
 Will place a favourite tree for to obscure  
 The same, that long has stood the eastern breeze—  
 Such must oft fall to nought, fair fancy there to please.

And others too will stud their lawns around  
 With something like a hedge that opens not,  
 For to let man here have a peep at ground,  
 Upon the inside or the outside here of it,  
 All is enclosed on each side throughout :  
 And too, the lawn is filled so well with trees  
 And shrubs, and flowering plants, that dot  
 It well in every corner, where the space  
 Will there permit of having such the same to grace.

Some also dig a hole here, round or square,  
 And have a fountain also pouring forth  
 The crystal element that does oft here  
 Delight the eye ; and also south and north  
 Does glad the ear of many sons of earth,  
 Aye, and even too the heart, for here below  
 The water drinker finds around his hearth  
 That peace spring up, that wine and spirits too,  
 Or ale and porter cannot give, while we on earth do go.

Some have got fish, and also fowl to swim  
In those same places, and too, plants to grow ;  
And many love the green weed that does skim  
The surface of the water, when such ponds are low ;  
And many on the large ones have a boat to go,  
And sail among the islands that do rise ;  
And too, this is a famous plan e'en too,  
To kill the spleen, as many more always  
Do know, as they do skim the mighty seas.

Far on the sea that roars and rolls aloud,  
The man of sorrow plods his weary way  
Across the roaring billow, and the cloud  
Of circumambient foam, he on does hie  
To foreign lands to kill his misery ;  
And as the white sail flutters in the breeze—  
And as the steam-cloud curls up to the sky,  
He fancies then, he does the moment seize  
To lull his care, and make all round him please :

And as the white rocks fade unto his view—  
And as the black cloud ushers in the night,  
He lies down on his bed, and sleeps night through ;  
Yet in the morn his spleen's not left him quite  
As he did think it would be, by the morning's light :  
He then does say, all is not true that 's told  
About the ocean's charms ; and they do me delight  
Not, as the river or the lake of old,  
When I could for an hour there be, and with my friends  
at night be still enroll'd.

Here many ways has man to kill his care,  
And many scenes rise up around his home—  
And he does many pleasures also share  
From feasting with the sons of earth, that come  
To revel with him from each distant clime :  
But all the pleasures that he meets with here  
Few can delight him more, than do the same  
That rise up in the garden, where he ever there  
May meet with what may glad the eye and ear.

There is an hour when sorrow steals  
 Upon the young and old, e'en too,  
 Then what can gladden like the vales  
 Of our own homes on earth below :  
 I mean not for to go at morn  
 With dog and gun to seek for death ;  
 Nor yet to go near to the barn,  
 And shoot the wild birds there in wrath.

But if man feels opprest with care,  
 A glorious pastime he may find,  
 Not at the game of cricket here—  
 Or yet at gambling of each kind—  
 Nor yet at angling by the flood,  
 Where he a nibble oft may get—  
 Or if not that, a common cold,  
 And clothes oft also damp and wet.

If he does want here good to do,  
 Instead of seeking death below ;  
 Let him into his gardens go,  
 And just there plant a tree or two ;  
 Or even more, for they will grow  
 And flourish when that he does sleep,  
 And too, from which does pleasure flow  
 That may the spleen aye from him keep.

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The seasons roll along, the waters flow—  
 The hill and dale is drest each year anew ;  
 The mountain rock stands firm, and on its brow  
 Does rise up there the pine and oak-tree too,  
 As in the days of old all there stand true  
 Unto their resting places ; but here, man  
 Does often change the same, and wanders to  
 A different zone, where there he ends his reign—  
 There making nations smile, where barrenness was seen,

That was there once, but now they smile in spring,  
 And in the summer all is green and gay,  
 And in the autumn laden, man does sing  
 With oft, what in the cold and wintry day  
 Does make all smile around him, on earth aye :  
 The day and night does each bring to us forth  
 Its blessings sweet, if we could learn to pray ;  
 And but be thankful too, in age or youth,  
 Such would at once here pave the way to happiness and  
 truth.

Oh ! Thou that giv'st the golden tints so gay  
 Unto the eastern morn, as life does wake ;  
 And to the opening flower its color aye—  
 And to each bower what does here gladness make—  
 And to the sea and sky their tints of blue—  
 And to the mountain top its crown of gold—  
 And to the western sky its glorious hue—  
 And to the landscape beauties manifold,  
 Here mortals for to cheer, both young and old :

And to the fields of bread each golden tint—  
 And to the fruits of earth their flavor sweet—  
 And to each lovely green and rising plant,  
 What makes it gay, and also gladdens it ?  
 Let me the simple rustic Bard now raise  
 A grateful tribute to that glorious day ;  
 And to that sun who sends his genial rays  
 To light the earth, and make it ever gay  
 Around the homes of mortals here that stray.

Such is the sun that gives the light of day,  
 And does make all beneath it also smile  
 Here by its bright and ever-cheering ray,  
 We breathe, and live, and prosper in this vale ;  
 That light of life poured on us by that God,  
 That gives to all their portion due on earth,  
 To cheer the wanderer on his dreary road,  
 Is much here given by the God of worth,  
 Whose glories do on every hand shine forth.

When day departs, and dies far in the west,  
 The night comes onward for to give that rest  
 Unto the pilgrim, and to make him blest,  
 By tranquil sleep, until her reign is past ;  
 And as the glorious moon lights up the wave,  
 And as her light does flutter in the deep,  
 And as the planets do the blue-sky cleave,—  
 The busy world is then wrapt up in sleep,  
 Both on the plain, and on the mountain steep.

Night is the time when mortals on earth meet,  
 Of many sects, and too of many minds ;  
 To hold their revels in the moon-light sweet,  
 Among the groves, and scenes fair Nature lends :  
 Some meet for love, and some for to kill care ;  
 And some for lucre on the earth below—  
 And some do often meet here to ensnare  
 Their fellow-beings here, by many a woe,  
 That often does call forth the bosom throe.

Some sing the song, that love on earth them taught,  
 When straying lonely in this weary world :  
 Some sing the song with wildest phrenzy fraught,  
 That by its tones they from the earth are hurl'd :  
 Some to the vortex of that gulph do run,  
 That like a rolling river bounds along  
 That stream, that to destruction carries man ;  
 And hides him deep in dust far from the throng,  
 Where no lament can call him back, how ere so loud  
 and long.

Some also sing the song of innocence,  
 The sweetest song man on the earth can sing—  
 That ever brings to him that recompense ;  
 Shed forth here like the balmy dews of spring  
 That sit in crystal drops at morning clear  
 Upon the wild-flowers and the fields of grain ;  
 And makes each gay, and ever fit to bear  
 The heats of day, that gladden hill and plain,  
 And makes all gay around the homes of men.



Such is the day, and also too, the night,  
Then let me sing here of the glorious spring  
And summer too, and too the autumn bright,  
And dreary winter, and its snows that cling  
Unto the earth, and do lie often long,  
But not for nought, does each fair season roll :  
There is a time for sleep, and too for song,  
Could we but use each right to glad the soul,  
And learn but here our passions to control.

Oh ! lovely spring, the hope here of the year—  
The seed-time when man sows the bread of life,  
The time when songsters in the woods appear  
In pairs, more happy oft than man and wife,  
'Mong earthly mortals who do often strive,  
And wrangle here in ways he cannot crush,  
Who is with virtue fraught, such oft will move  
Him unto tears e'en here, against his wish,  
As he does see scenes rise to make him blush.

Spring is the time when does the wild-flowers bloom,  
And when the cones do crackle in the wood,  
And when upon the gale each soft perfume  
Is wafted by the winds, and by the flood :  
Spring is the time when does the wild bee hum,  
And when the ice-bound river rises high,  
And when the wild-bird leaves its wintry home  
To spend the summer in another sky,  
Where wintry winds do not around it fly.

Such is the lovely spring that roud us breathes,  
And wakes to life, and unto busy care  
The beings of the earth, and also wreathes  
Those fibres that do to each opening flower  
Give life, and makes it also bloom and seed ;  
And so supplies the wants that do 'mong men  
Rise up, upon the earth, where here do tread  
The young and old upon the hill and plain,  
They hail the busy spring with joys that then do reign.

And as the spring time dies away and fades,  
 The summer sun, lights up the flowery field,  
 And all does smile among the opening glades,  
 And songsters pour the song that does here yield  
 Delight to him who wanders in the wood  
 At early morn, when does arise on high  
 The hum of thousand voices by the flood,  
 And by the field, and o'er the mountain high,  
 Beneath the blue and glorious summer's sky.

Come gentle harp, and now sing forth a song  
 That here may glad the minstrel's listening ear,  
 That lives far from the gay and gaudy throng,  
 Sometimes opprest with spleen and too, with care :  
 Now sing forth of the summer's sun so bright,  
 And of its flowers and also trees so gay,  
 And of those shades of green that give delight,  
 As does the landscape peer beneath the sky,  
 And lights all under its aye cheering ray

So blue and tranquil, and too, so serene  
 In rosy June and July's lovely noon—  
 When insects hover 'mong the leaves so green,  
 And when the lark sings forth as shines the moon ;  
 And is upon light pinions then upborne,  
 To hail the orient sun that streaks the east ;  
 As does the linnet on the aged thorn  
 Make gay the grove, and sings until the west  
 Is made to glow, far o'er the ocean's breast ;

As does it redden with what gives delight,  
 When busy day and all its cares are past ;  
 And wrapt all in the shades of sombre night,  
 Where then the moon-beam makes the lover blest :  
 Oh ! sweet the hours that innocence did light  
 At morn or eve, beneath the summer's sky ;  
 Those pleasures always do beam forth here bright,  
 In age or youth, in memory's mirror aye,—  
 That glass that pictures true, all things beneath the sky.

The echoes of that song lives for long years,  
And oft does wake up in the bosom here  
Those scenes long gone, where beauty here appears,  
They cling unto the heart and ne'er effaced are—  
Through long, long years do youthful joys rise here,  
And sometimes sadden too in after life ;  
But virtuous joys do bring no bitter sighs—  
They still unspotted, and too, harmless cleave  
Unto the heart, till man this scene does leaves.

The after summer laden, autumn comes  
Forth here with joy unto the human race,  
And unto creatures that live in all climes :  
Unseen, unknown, but each do hold a place  
That wanted is, for to complete each race :  
In that creative world that life does give  
And too, maintains it, with that arm that peace  
Does on the earth proclaim, unknown to us  
That live, while journeying in life's troubled skies.

Rich autumn reigns, and also smiling plains,  
That in the summer green did richly glow ;  
But now bedeck'd in many golden stains,  
That do add beauty to the landscape through :  
The vine pours forth her stores here unto man,  
And too, the chesnut and the olive tree—  
And too, the walnut, and likewise the grain  
Of many kinds, that on the earth we see  
Rise up to keep all Nature's cares here aye.

Those glorious tints do paint the rising woods,  
And golden leaves fall down and sink to rest ;  
And too, the river sends its rising floods,  
To sweep the plains both from the east to west ;  
And as the towering forest is laid bare—  
The wild-bird flutters far, far o'er the sea,  
Unto a warm and more congenial air,  
Before the winter pours down from on high,  
The torrents that do fertilize, and ever make earth gay.

May human beings still seek wisdom here,  
 As do the autumn's tints round us come on ;  
 May man still know that his own autumn's near,  
 When he must face the winter dread and lone :  
 Oh ! learn for to be wise ye sons of mortal men,  
 And seek instruction as the seasons roll,  
 That will lull care and also rising pain,  
 And here make meek, and grateful too the soul,  
 And fit it for that heaven where angels dwell.

Then after golden autumn, winter comes  
 And bursts upon the mountain top and plain ;  
 And as the wind does sigh, no lovely chimes  
 Do rise then from the wood, where did the strain  
 Sometime before re-echo forth with joy ;  
 The winds do whistle through the leafless trees,  
 And wild-birds flock then nearer to the sea,  
 Where snows do melt there by the ocean breeze  
 That warms the shore, and makes the birds rejoice.

The summer's heat it is then sunk and gone,  
 And spring and autumn's joys are fled away,—  
 The grass is withered, and the leaves are strewn,  
 While snow and frost does fill the upper sky ;  
 And rivers murmur and the ocean's roar  
 Is not then what it was in summer gay ;  
 The sea-bird shrieks, and on the sounding shore  
 Then does fly low washed by the ocean's spray,  
 As it does seek, and finds its food there aye.

And close up to our doors does meekly come  
 The robin redbreast and too, like him, more  
 While in the moon-light round the cottage home  
 Does in the garden jump the timid hare :  
 And Oh ! ye sons of earth in mercy look  
 Upon those creatures driven there to seek  
 A morsel sweet, they get not by the brook,  
 That now is bound up, such they cannot break—  
 But yet their parent Nature, does not them forsake.

The harm that they will do will hurt thee not,  
Although sometimes they bark the tender tree ;  
But man is lazy, and does oft forget  
To rub them with what will keep them away.  
Then many a hearth is desolate and lone,  
And many a home 's forsook e'en as the blast  
Does hover round the cottage, where the man  
Forsakes that home to go abroad and feast  
O'er scenes that misery spreads from east to west ;

Where revellers do meet, and where the song  
Does cheer but for an hour, and does not add  
Unto the peace, or does it ere prolong  
The days of man, as he on earth does tread :  
Remember man, thy winter here will come,  
And burst upon thee like the stormy wind,—  
Oh ! seek now peace, and gladden here thy home,  
And make all smile—and pray to God to send  
That peace that does make blest unto earth's end.

Contentment sweet, that happiness will give,  
That gold could never buy upon the earth ;  
And while the winds do howl and round thee move,  
Content will light thy hearth, if virtue does shine forth :  
There is a spring and summer here for man,  
And too, an autumn's glow and wintry wind ;  
And too, a night and day in life's short span,  
Upon the earth, as he does onwards bend,  
Unto that home where mortal care does end.

He goes unto the land where care does cease,  
Where all do mingle in the clay beneath—  
Where passions die, and where do rest at ease  
All cares that wring man's heart wherewith :  
His happiness was often here laid low,  
As he forth went upon life's journey here ;  
But may he seek instruction now below,  
Which its reward will find in every sphere,  
And also help to stay dire sorrow's tear.

Now after this small song in simple guise,  
 That poets are entitled oft to make,—  
 They go aside oft from their text, in lays  
 That do resemble not the course they take,  
 When they commence a song their thirst to slake :  
 But now I 'll try and point out some fair trees  
 To decorate the grounds that may there break  
 Forth in that beauty, that unto the wise  
 Is always glowing, and to them does speak in accents loud  
 always.

There is among our native vales at home,  
 Here many a tree that towers on high sublime ;  
 And do for beauty and for use, too claim  
 A rank high up, upon the hill of fame :  
 Such is the mighty oak, and too, the pine's the same,  
 And many more, that do rise to the view ;  
 But still to decorate and to lay claim  
 To what is new or rare to us below ;  
 The trees and shrubs of foreign lands, ought round us  
 here to glow.

Far in the forest there is joy and peace,  
 As well as on the desert and the deep,  
 There 's music often in the rustling breeze,  
 And beauty in the mirage of the steppe,  
 And on the sounding shore does also peep,  
 True harmony amid the torrent's roar,  
 And beauty and sublimity 's high up  
 Upon the mountain-peak e'en high and hoar,  
 Where icicles do sparkle o'er the clouds afar.

There is too in the garden down below  
 Enchantment, that the heart of man may fill,  
 To view the landscape's ever cheering glow,  
 May ever fill the heart, and too, the soul  
 With bliss that charmeth oft upon this vale :  
 Those lights and shadows in each rising tree,  
 And opening lawn, and deep recess, do tell  
 A tale, found never in the mansion gay,  
 Or in the hall, where does the dancers fly.

Oh! where can pleasure reign like 'mong the trees  
 That decorate the garden green and gay;  
 And where is music like the honey bees,  
 Or like the songsters that do tower on high  
 Among the woods and wilds of Nature aye?  
 No envy there does rankle in the breast—  
 No impious plot does ever there arrest,  
 Or cry down Nature's song ere in the east or west.

First among trees the mighty oak does stand,  
 King of the woods and wilds, and for long years  
 Does hold its resting place, and does command  
 Respect from man, as it on high appears  
 Extending far and wide in many spheres:  
 It cares not for the hail, the rain, or sleet,  
 But braves the blast that unto us here bears  
 Glad tidings o'er the ocean wide and great  
 From many a fair and rising distant state.

Let every noble-hearted Briton brave  
 Still nurse the oak, that yet on high may ride;  
 That oak that did our country often save,  
 And that does often on the ocean tide  
 Do wonders, as on it, it oft does glide:  
 And long, long many the woodman's echo rise,  
 And stream forth in the dale or rising wood  
 Of tender oaks, that yet the sea may grace,  
 And sail like stately swans from place to place.



Who can there be on the land or the sea,  
 With a heart fond feeling and free?  
 Who while he does wander can he but admire,  
 And respect here, the old oak tree,  
 That has brav'd the breeze for centuries,  
 With its antlers spread to the wind;  
 And too, in its corners and crevices,  
 The wild-bird its home does find.

Ah! think then upon the yearly mass  
 Of foilage and fruit that it brings,  
 From its branches tall both great and small,  
 That all from one acorn springs.  
 Could some such trees, near large cities,  
 Their tales to the world unfold;  
 What a volume would rise us here to surprise,  
 Of the tales of the days of old:

Of tales of shame, and of bad fame,  
 And too of famine below;  
 Of hours of woe in many a clime,  
 Beneath where the oak does grow:  
 Some tales of bliss, and too of love,  
 Might e'en be among the rest;  
 For here 'mong the bad that do round us move,  
 There are some of the faithful blest.

Still learn, Oh! man, to respect the old oak,  
 As it does us here defend  
 From many a blast, that often broke  
 Man's peace on the sea and land:  
 For it does waft o'er the stormy wave,  
 The treasures of every land;  
 And also the battle and breeze does brave,  
 On many a foreign strand.

'Tis it that bears the tale of love,  
 From a son to a widow'd mother;  
 It too, from home does the emigrant move,  
 To a country where he meets another:  
 The lord of the land, that does riches command,  
 And has acres of land for to spare,—  
 There's nought on the earth that can ever lend  
 Unto him satisfaction so fair



As to see the young oak rise up on high,  
 And hear from its boughs arise  
 The songs of mourn that never die,  
 As they pour our Maker's praise ;  
 And rend the skies with those echoes loud,  
 That ever delight may lend  
 To the high and low, the meek and the proud,  
 Who the oak-tree does befriend.

Now here 's to the oak, the good old oak,  
 That rides high up in the air ;  
 That braves the rain, the hail and the smoke,  
 The foul weather and the fair :  
 Let us plant an acorn, who knows but yet  
 On the ocean its tree may ride ;  
 Abreasting the billow as the mariner's pillow,  
 As his bark o'er the sea does glide.

Let us plant an oak for our country's sake—  
 For the sake of the land of our birth ;  
 It may of itself a monument make,  
 When we lie asleep in on the earth :  
 It's all the same if it 's o'er our grave,  
 Or yet in the edge of the field ;  
 Let us plant an oak that may proudly wave,  
 And be to our country a shield.

---

The mighty beech that pendulous does hang  
 In beauty, that no pen can ere describe,  
 Deserves a place among the birds of song  
 That teem among the woods, where every tribe  
 Of trees are blended beauty, to imbibe  
 Here from the charm that ever Nature's God  
 Does give to all the woods, and does them robe  
 In that resplendent dress, that does not fade  
 In one clime or another,—gay is all on every side.

The mighty beech does deck the mountain dell,  
 And does magnificently also rise  
 High o'er the fissur'd rock and in the vale,  
 Where oft it makes a picture that no skill  
 Can paint, as it does bend high o'er the mountain rill,  
 And not does it there only lovely bloom,  
 But too, the garden and the park is full  
 Of grandeur, also by the groups that come  
 There forth, unto the view by it, in many a northern  
 clime.

And too, the beauteous birch that flees the haunts of men,  
 Deserves some lovely spot to spread its spray,  
 That adds a lustre lovely, pale and wan,  
 In tender spring unto the landscape aye ;  
 When cones are crackling, and when buds give way,  
 'Tis then its catkins do add harmony  
 Unto the whole wild-wood so green and gay,  
 As do they hang in forms there beauteously,  
 Unseen to man that seldom there does stray.

---

Far in the pathless woods alone,  
 The bending birch hangs o'er the glen ;  
 Where eagles' shriek, and where the stone  
 Is clad in mossy robes so green :  
 Like modest virtue, or like love  
 And innocence that knows no guile,  
 It meekly bends where does the dove,  
 And too, the roe bound o'er the hill.

It adds a lustre to all round,  
 And often cheers and saddens too ;  
 While underneath it on the ground,  
 The mountain daisies there do blow :  
 The one above, and too, below,  
 Can never fail the heart to cheer  
 Of him who wishes here to know,  
 More of the same in spring repair

Unto the distant wooded hill,  
 High o'er the clouds, and where does live  
 There many a flower that aye may fill  
 The heart with innocence and love :  
 The echoes of those vaults on high,  
 And of the minstrels there enthroned,  
 Will always there at once repay,  
 The journey made to such a mound.

Still to say nought of groves of birch,  
 And beech, and hornbeam, that ride high  
 In upper air, far from the reach  
 Of him who late at morn does lie :  
 The mountain torrent there does stream,  
 And murmurs loud, as does the crown  
 Of purest gold, light by its beam  
 The mountain hoar, by tints unknown

Down underneath where man does sleep,  
 Enwrapt in dreams of troubl'd thought ;  
 Then hie up where the birch does weep—  
 High o'er the crystal streamlet bright :  
 Ye sons of earth that o'er it stray,  
 Upon the plains ye little know ;  
 The charms that meet the ear and eye,  
 Up where the weeping birch hangs low.

---

The towering Tilia, feather'd down to earth  
 In summer bright, when does the humming bee  
 Assail its flowerets, and on high sing forth ;  
 Is here a picture ever pure and gay,  
 That makes the lawn or garden lovely aye,  
 As does it tour up o'er the other trees  
 And shrubs, that deck the fields in merry May  
 And lovely June ; Oh ! what can glad the eyes  
 Like to the lovely lime, the queen of forest trees ?

Next comes the flowering elm, that sheds abroad  
 Its scaly seeds, that thickly strew the earth;  
 Its embryo plants do rise up by its side,  
 And in mysterious ways do they spread forth  
 Young trees from the old roots, that far and wide  
 Do seek for nurture in the lonely wood;  
 And in the grove, and by the city's side  
 They fear no smoke—or are they yet afraid  
 Of what does often rise up 'neath their shade.

---

I 'm the tree that braves the smoke,  
 In the midst of the city's hum;  
 I 've heard oft sounds, and spells that woke  
 The young and the old through time:  
 There 's not a square in the city great,  
 But where I do abound;  
 Nor scare a park, or a king's estate  
 In Britain, where I 'm not found.

I peer by the smoke of Lincoln's Inn,  
 And in many a dreary lane;  
 In the east and west of London town,  
 Where many a scene I 've seen:  
 I 've seen the wild beasts under me,  
 And have heard the lion's roar;  
 And the tiger's murmur night and day,  
 And the cry of the Polar bear.

I 've heard the wild bird's shriek likewise,  
 And the echoing knell o'er the dead;  
 And the piercing cry of wild distress,  
 And the hum of mirth and pride:  
 And too, I 've heard the lover's tale,  
 In the pale moon light poured forth;  
 And too, I 've heard the hopeless wail,  
 Of the gambler's end on earth:

And too, I 've seen the suicide,  
 Rush on to the river's brink ;  
 While the song of mirth arose by his side,  
 And the fumes of devouring drink :  
 I surround that place of summer's mirth,\*  
 Where thousand lamps do glow ;  
 Where the fireworks there are oft sent forth,  
 And the air balloon e'en too.

And many a scene did there arise,  
 Beneath mine eye for years ;  
 I 've seen both smiles and tears likewise,  
 As did those bright lamps blaze :  
 In the summer green I am looked on  
 O'er the wall, with mirth and joy ;  
 But in winter dire I 'm left alone,  
 None cares to look on me.

Ye men and maidens one and all,  
 Think on me as ye revel there ;  
 In summer green ye find no chill,  
 But, Oh ! the winter drear,  
 And too the blast that sweeps the plain,  
 And lays the forest bare ;  
 Just ponder awhile when youth is green,  
 And for wintry winds prepare.

---

And too, the beauteous chenar's downy leaf,  
 May wave upon its parent stem on high ;  
 And too, its pendulous balls of scaly fruit,  
 That oft do tower up in an eastern sky,  
 May in our land stand forth in majesty—  
 Without its smile the landscape's incomplete ;  
 As it does add a lustre green and gay,  
 To many a home, and many a mansion great,  
 E'en in the east and west in many a state.

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\* Vauxhall Gardens.

The *Alnus* fair, is well adapted too  
 For the lone island in the glassy lake ;  
 Its dark'ning foliage, and their shadows glow  
 In elegance, and thoughts may oft awake  
 Of other days, when on the reedy peak,  
 Embosom'd in the flowing river fair ;  
 There spread abroad those clammy leaves that make  
 The honey for the bee that roams afar,  
 Forth for the nectar that it sucks in summer here.

And too, the poplar, that decks hill and dale,  
 And too, is found far in the pine tree wood,  
 Is here a glorious tree that makes a spell,  
 Rise up oft by the lawn and by the flood,  
 As well as in the valley deep where it does bide ;  
 Or by the margin of the spreading lake :  
 It there may shed its spiry light and shade,  
 Far o'er the stream, and in the moon-light make  
 A picture grand that may the soul awake.

When autumn sends her ripen'd grains to bear  
 Her slender stems to earth, and when the vine  
 Is laden with its fruit— Oh ! then how fair  
 And beauteous does the golden leaves then shine  
 Upon the *Populus*, and too, where is man,  
 That then can view those yellow tints mid green,  
 Without admiring such upon the hill and plain,  
 For by the river, or the ocean main,  
 Those trees stand forth, and do please mortal men.

---

There is a tree far in the wood,  
 Whose leaves do tremble aye ;  
 By hill and dale, or crystal flood,  
 E'en in the calmest day ;  
 And that same tree 's the poplar,  
 That trembles not with fear,  
 But by some unknown cause not here  
 Yet known, where now we are.

Like many mortals on the earth,  
That tremble, and ne'er can  
Account, for such as they go forth  
Upon this earthly plain :  
The nerves of human beings here  
Have o'er the mind a power,  
Of making mankind often share  
In shame, through many an hour.

The man of nerves here weak below,  
Is often guilty thought ;  
When innocence does crown him so,  
And all his works throughout :  
He 's like the towering poplar,  
That trembles in the gale ;  
And e'en calm like it, does too share,  
What Nature does entail.

The leopard cannot change his spots,  
Nor yet the wolf his home ;  
The polypus in Nature's grotts,  
Must there abide through time :  
Ye nations of the earth rejoice,  
And tremble likewise here ;  
For all your sins that round ye rise,  
And pray for mercy ere.

The yellow tints of autumn aye,  
And too, the trembling leaf—  
And too, the summit of the tree,  
Where first its leaves fall off :  
Each here may warn the pilgrim lone,  
That may benighted be ;  
That winter says here unto man,  
I will not stay for thee.

The lovely chesnut, and its mottl'd flowers  
 Is wanted also to complete that charm,  
 That often rises up 'mid Nature's bowers,  
 Where she does reign at will, and where man's arm  
 Does not undo her works by doing harm :  
 Oh ! lovely spring, and too, thy dulcet strains,  
 Amid the bowers of chesnuts round the farm,  
 Or yet the mansion, or the parks and plains—  
 A charm is o'er thee thrown, wherere the chesnut reigns.

No flowing outline in the grassy glade,  
 Or wooded bank by dale or river either—  
 Or smooth cut lawn with downy moss o'erspread,  
 Can be complete without that trees do feather,  
 Down to the earth their spray—and where we gather  
 Their fruit and flowers that lovely strip'd oft are ;  
 And for to paint such oil or water, neither  
 Can here but faintly do, by artist ere,  
 For all his skill in art both far and near.

The Fraxinus or ash, must not be now forgot,  
 As it may grow, and make a picture grand  
 To deck the landscape, and likewise be fit  
 For various uses that do in our land  
 Here call it forth, and too, its trunks so grand :  
 It is oft wanted in the carriage fine,  
 And often it does sail the world round ;  
 And from its value riches is to man  
 Pour'd forth here from the ash, on hill or plain.

The tulip-tree that rears far in the wood  
 Its cups on high, to cheer the passer by ;  
 And in a country o'er the western flood,  
 High up they rise, and hang down mid the sky,  
 Where many other beauties greet the eye ;  
 Without her here, and too, her deep cut leaves,  
 That do a saddle here resemble nigh  
 In shape, and as it here the forest cleaves,  
 It is there called by some, the saddle tree of Nature's  
 groves.



The fair Catalpa with its spread out spikes,  
 And too, Paulonia also like to her ;  
 Each ornaments—and unto him that likes  
 Variety and beauty round him here,  
 No glow like theirs do rise up near or far :  
 The busy bee there forth the nectar draws,  
 From each nectarium pure, and painted fair ;  
 They yield a harvest sweet as forth each blows,  
 In majesty that ever cheers wherere each grows.

The chesnut sweet, that towers amid the sky  
 Of Ætna's peaks, amid volcanic dust,  
 May claim a corner of the park where high  
 It there may grow, and from it man may reap  
 A noble harvest from its ample crop  
 Of stinging capsules, that do shield its young  
 Until the day, when harvest earth does wrap  
 In golden robes, that glad the rural throng,  
 That are made rich by it through winter long.

Italia fair, 'tis it that rearest high  
 The mighty chesnut, that a blessing is  
 To many there, as it does food supply  
 There unto him that on and upward hies :  
 To the high-valley where is seen the maze  
 Of chesnuds tall, that teem to earth their fruit  
 Like showers of manna in the wilderness ;  
 Such is the goodness of our God aye great,  
 And mighty in each near and distant state.

On towering Ætna there a tree does rise,  
 Unequall'd in the world that yet is known ;  
 For there alone its own circumference  
 Is almost e'en two hundred feet, and there  
 Its fruit and leaves does brave the hail and rain,  
 And howling tempest that the mountain feels :  
 Oh ! venerate all trees ye sons of men ;  
 For each is here a wonder, in all vales  
 And on the mountains that bestrew the earth, and all  
 its hills and dales.

Near to the gushing torrent on the Alp,  
 The Carpinus is seen in pale array ;  
 Amid the groves of Corylus, where pomp  
 And pageantry there never had its stay,  
 There does it breathe amid the mountain sky,  
 The current pure of air that braces aye ;  
 May well a journey to her home repay,  
 Or yet, deep in the dale beneath it may,  
 Still rear its head so green, and too so gay.

And where the hazel nut-trees planted down  
 Deep in the valley, or e'en by the stream—  
 E'en in the depths of winter such do own  
 A charm, as there do yellow catkins beam  
 Far in the wood, or yet around man's home :  
 No stormy winds can stay their influence here  
 In fertilizing, in each varing clime ;  
 The feamele flowers that meekly do appear  
 In wood and glen, e'en in the winter drear.

Ah ! who can here a garden ere make gay,  
 Without the Salix, and her daughters too,  
 That do delight to live where waters stray  
 Along the meadow, and do it o'erflow ;  
 Or in the wood, high on the mountain's brow ;  
 She loves to rear her head afar on high,  
 Amid the roar of cataracts that flow,  
 High o'er the mountain rock and fern so gay,  
 Does Salix revel there, amid the towering sky.

Sweet Babylonian Salix where thou art,  
 The soul of landscape then does meekly peer—  
 There in thy bending branches, that impart  
 A mournful ray of beauty ever here,  
 As they do kiss the ground in forms so fair ;  
 But when thou by the glassy lake dost bend,  
 The queen of trees thou art, and fountain ne'er  
 Can be complete, as thou to it dost lend—  
 A spell that does enchant in every clime and land.

Or where she bends high o'er the crystal flood,  
 Or rolling river, or the margin'd lake—  
 Or by the ocean and its mighty tide ;  
 She ever there does make that spell awake,  
 That seldom does man's soul on earth forsake :  
 She like the rays of virtue does spread far  
 That ray, that at man's eventide does wake,  
 As he does lowly bend, and sinks to where  
 The destiny of all is ere directed here.

Some men do plant her o'er the lowly dead,  
 There as an emblem of departed worth ;  
 And as she weeps, and simply hangs o'er head,  
 They say the poplar ought there to rise forth,  
 To match her with the upright lines it hath :  
 But by her ought no spiry tree to rise,  
 For such do not ere in fair Nature's path ;  
 She ever blends her trees with that fair grace  
 Of outline, pure in every distant place.

Some say that by Napoleon's lonely bed  
 The weeping willow rose, and did bend o'er  
 The hero's tomb, that oft to battle led  
 The sons of Gaul on many a foreign shore :  
 In days gone by and past, and may it rear  
 Its head on high, and may there peace still reign,—  
 But I would plant it, at my heart's desire,  
 Where Howard rests, near to the Euxine plain,  
 That it might weep o'er him—one mighty among men.

And, Oh ! might it there ever sweetly bloom,  
 Where does the good man sleep in east or west,  
 Green may the trees and grass be round that tomb  
 Such is a simple bard's own heart's behest,  
 Who loves to sing of virtuous deeds long past :  
 The bending birch, and too, the willow fair,  
 And weeping ash, and beech, that is rich drest,  
 Would make companions in the garden here—  
 Or by the tomb, where worth lies lowly there.

To here say nought of yew-trees and their shade—  
 And spiry cypresses, and many more  
 That deck the earth, and beauteously do spread  
 Unseen, unknown, on many a distant shore,  
 Where foot of man did never once explore ;  
 Far in the forest, and too, on the mount,  
 And on the rising steeps of ocean drear—  
 Do spread sublimely many a towering plant,  
 That would a picture make, could man but such here  
 paint.

The Cercis, Celtis, and the Mespilus fair,  
 Are all here wanted for to make complete  
 The mission of the planter, who does here  
 Try for to make a picture that is sweet,  
 And grateful to the view here soon or late :  
 From Nature's own materials does he raise  
 Up many a scene, that does each fair estate  
 Of nobles, of the earth, their eyes amaze,  
 As through the wooded lawns or groves, man night or day  
 here strays.

The Juglan's that to Jupiter was sacred  
 In times of old, can not we now forget,  
 Her fruits were scattered round the newly-married,  
 That them the walnut-god might aye protect,  
 While wandering o'er the earth so lovely deckt ;  
 And too, enamell'd, and with life o'er-hung,  
 And love, and joy, that does from many a sect  
 Of earth's fair creatures, come forth in a song  
 Unto the giver of all good, upon this earthly throng.

Diospyros in India too and Japan  
 Does rear its head, and it round us may be  
 Made also for to grow ; and on a plain,  
 In some warm spot, where does the bright sun's ray  
 There heat the earth, in some fair corner aye.  
 Its fruits so tart, and too, so tastless here,  
 Are valued in its native clime, whereby  
 Some process man does make them have a share,  
 In staying of those wants that Nature does require.

The *Gymnocladus* and *Ailanthus* too,  
 May mix near to where does *Acacia* does grow,  
 And too, *Robinia*, in each lovely hue  
 Of blossoms fair, that round them spread below,  
 What often makes the rising landscape glow :  
 Those pinnate leaves do ever look here gay  
 Expanding with the sun, and when sunk low,  
 Then folding at the close here of the day,  
 Until the rising morn awakes fair Nature aye.

Where can a garden ever rise on earth,  
 Without the legumenious flowers expand—  
 And hang in clusters streaming ever forth,  
 And hues that deck the spring and summer bland ?  
 While such do flutter in the breeze, that land  
 Is lovely drest ; and where that they are not  
 A want is there, as do their clusters bend  
 The parent stems all round the house or cot,  
 It's gay and well-adorn'd, and all there, smiles throughout.

Those flowers shap'd like the butterfly, are far  
 Spread round in every foreign land and clime ;  
 The brightest colors often dye them clear  
 And more translucent, than whatever time  
 Can make within the palace and its fame ;  
 Glad is the field made with its legumes ever,  
 And too, the garden is made here the same—  
 To here say nought of beauties that do hover  
 Afar o'erhead, in many a land man does them there  
 discover.

The *Palieurus* and *Gleditchia* too,  
 And many more still of the thorny tribe,  
 Do answer well to fill up here below,  
 The scenes that in the garden life imbibe,  
 From fair variety that does here oft enrobe ;  
 For to say nought now of the flowering thorn  
 Of many kinds—and *Prunus*, and each tribe  
 Of *Amygdalus*, and her fruits that warn  
 Us here, that there are fruits as well as leaves, and flowers  
 earth to adorn.

Such are the trees that do shed forth their leaves,  
 With many more, that cannot here be nam'd,  
 As space must still be left for each that moves  
 Here in a dress aye green, and too, are fam'd  
 On hill and dale, and where man has reclaimed  
 The scenes of nature wild, and changed them even too,  
 By evergreens, and fruits, and them too nam'd,  
 With many names of men that here did go  
 And search out them, in lands both south and north  
 below.

The evergreen-tree and its sombre hue,  
 Must always rise triumphant in the scenes  
 Where skill and art, and money also too,  
 Do all combine to make those tints and greens,  
 That wanted are to deck our native glens,—  
 That often are deficient in those trees—  
 That add a lustre to those hills and plains  
 Where wild they grow, and where in northern skies,  
 They do protect young plants in many wond'rous ways,  
 And 'neath their spray oft praises rise to God,  
 Who does spread out upon the mountain's brow  
 A canopy, to shield each plant and bird  
 That in the wild-wood do in winter go,  
 When are those trees wrapt in a pall of snow :  
 Without green trees 'mong us in winter time,  
 Around our lawns, and in our woods e'en too,  
 Much shelter, and too warmth in such a clime,  
 Would be unto us lost, with birds of many a name.

First 'mong the green trees stands the mighty pine,  
 That waves high o'er the mountains of the earth ;  
 High up in air her massy antlers reign,  
 And look down on the creatures that go forth  
 Among us here from south to dreary north,—  
 And from the east unto the west she rears  
 Here spreading branches and her cones of worth,  
 That are in many lands where Nature's cares  
 Are thickly strewed, a treasure to each creature that  
 there round them oft appears.

No wintery winds can kill the pine tree's young,  
 That sit embedded in the scaly cone ;  
 Until the winter's past, and day is long—  
 And till the bright sun warms the air for man,  
 And for the pine tree that on high does reign :  
 Then do her seeds burst forth, and cover'd are  
 There by a process, known not oft to men ;  
 They far and wide are often scattered there,  
 And forests rise up from their parents far :

Without the lovely pine and her fair daughters,  
 That many are, and do rich lustre give  
 The landscape, could not beam by waste or waters  
 As now it does, where ever man does move,  
 Let him go where he will the pine does rise above :  
 Oh ! where can man upon the world here find  
 Ere trees like to the towering silver firs,  
 That deep among the forest tribes do blend,  
 Among fair Nature's groves in many a land.

The Cuningamia and Dammara too,  
 With Cedrus, Larix, and the Picea fair ;  
 That dedicated were to Neptune here below,  
 And Pan with Vulcan did the same too share ;  
 And too, the fir of Scotland that does rear  
 Itself upon the Highland craggy rock,  
 Was to Cybele dedicated here ;  
 And Rhea too, as here their cones oft spoke  
 Forth at those rites, whose spells are long, long broke.

There did live once far in an eastern clime,  
 A wanderer that trode the wood alone ;  
 Near where upon the Pine tree hung the rime  
 In light transparence, where that tree did throne  
 Itself on high, far from the haunts of man :  
 One day as wintry winds did round him blow,  
 He sat down on a mould'ring tree o'ergrown  
 With moss and Algeæ, and from him did flow  
 A song of Nature's own, near as now penn'd below.

I am the queen of the mountain peak,  
Where the night-winds round me sigh ;  
Around my head the thunders break,  
And the lightnings pass me by :  
High up in air o'er the thunder cloud,  
The river, the flood, and field ;  
I sit and see too, far abroad,  
All that the earth does yield.

I sit enthron'd amid the wrecks  
Of empires, of the earth ;  
Clad in my evergreen that speaks,  
Unto man volumes forth :  
For man does change his resting place,  
And wanders o'er earth afar ;  
But I am unchanging and no trace,  
Of such is in me ere.

And I do soar where no lions roar,  
Or tiger's howl is heard ;  
'Tis only the eagle that e'en dare,  
Approach my footstool hard :  
Up to Atlasus steeps I soar,  
Where Arab never trode ;  
And to Caucasian chains, where ne'er  
Circassian ever rode.

And the lakes of Naptha I do view,  
As they stream o'er the Caspian far ;  
No fire I fear, no frost or snow,  
My reign on earth does mar ;  
Round me I see upon each side,  
Both mountain, hill and dale ;  
Ararat hoar, and the Euxine tide,  
And many a plain and vale.



I by Olympus too do grow—  
I near Parnassus cling ;  
And from my throne does sweetly flow,  
The true Castalian spring :  
I peer o'er the land where Homer tun'd  
The lyre, in the days of old ;  
And afar do I see Collona's strand,  
And too, Mount Athos bold.

I've heard the bird shriek o'er the tower,  
Where Byron's bride did sleep ;  
And Stamboul's turrets 'neath me far,  
I've seen fade o'er the deep :  
I Athens saw rise up and fall,  
I've heard its requiem sung ;  
The echoing knell and the hopeless wail,  
I've heard oft loud and long ;

And Rome and Carthage were not far  
From me, when shining bright ;  
And Syracuse here once so fair,  
Sank 'neath me unto nought :  
I see Mount Blanc enwrapt in storm,  
And the Pyraneæn rock ;  
Far higher than my Cairngorum,  
Where my first spell awoke.

And near Ben Nevis high and hoar,  
I've heard the song of mirth,  
And too, the wail of woe, that o'er  
The earth is oft held forth :  
But yet the sweetest song that once  
Did glad the heart of man,  
It is the song of innocence,  
That lulls all grief and pain.

I tower on high by the northern sky,  
And the southern sea likewise ;  
On Sweden and Norway's coasts do I  
There oft triumphant rise :  
I live on the Altais mighty chain,  
Oft up to the waist in snow ;  
And I grow on the wide Siberian plain,  
And on its mountains too.

Upon Chinese and Thibet's heights,  
And too, Tartarian wilds ;  
I often see those livid lights  
The bright sky there unfolds :  
Hymilas' peaks high up in air,  
Amid eternal snow ;  
I go as near each summit drear,  
As other trees can go.

I look down too, upon Cashmere,  
And Nepaul's gulph so steep ;  
And there I see too, many a flower,  
Out o'er the rude rock peep :  
I do adapt myself below,  
Where Nature puts me aye ;  
And by its law I on earth go,  
And cheer man night and day.

On the Andes range I am there found,  
And the Cerdelleras fair ;  
And near the top of Bolivas mound,  
High up in ambient air :  
I look on them that dig for gold,  
By the Californian Placer ;  
And afar on the Oregon I unfold,  
My yellow clouds of sulphur.

My sons go o'er the mighty lake,  
And the Mississippi's plain ;  
And the tallest of them do masts make,  
For the warriors of the main :  
I e'en 'mong the Patagonians go,  
And the Chilian fogs I love ;  
The Aaraucaian's do me know,  
And my fruit that is above.

I e'en to the Antipodes too go,  
Where the Norfolk Island man  
Does sing by me that tune below,  
That often lulls his pain :  
The crystal flood and rolling tide,  
I view of many a land ;  
The reptile makes me ne'er afraid,  
As it passes on each hand.

Sometimes I seek the sounding shore,  
Where the sea-bird does me know ;  
And the wail of woe I often hear,  
As the tempest loud does blow :  
But yet no wintry wind that blows,  
Disturbs my tender young ;  
Each are protected as they rise,  
By laws both great and strong.

Sometimes I grow by the mighty swamp,  
And spread in forests wide,  
Where the air is often cold and damp,  
And where warm on each side :  
Sometimes I am e'en like a bush,  
That hangs down from the rock ;  
Sometimes I grow by the flow'ring rush,  
That tufts the winding brook.

I 'm suited too, for hill or dale,  
 If man my kinds would know ;  
 Here in the proper clime or soil,  
 I never fail to grow :  
 Then why not have me for to grace  
 The lawn, or woodland ever ?  
 For I 'm the queen of all my race,  
 That does the landscape cover.

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Who can but love that ever glorious tree,  
 That does grow high on Lebanon's dark mount,  
 It of itself a picture aye may be,  
 As it does rise up when we it do plant,  
 In that congenial soil, that it does want :  
 What can more grand or picturesque aye be,  
 Than for to see its bending branches slant  
 Straight from its parent stem, far up on high ?  
 Such is a tree that ever makes the landscape green and  
 gay.

Next 'mong the beauteous trees that rise to view,  
 The Cypress, Juniper, and Thuya too ;  
 Are well adapted by their forms to shew  
 Forth on the lawn, or by the mountain's brow,  
 What may be done where evergreens do grow ;  
 The Cypress tribe can here grow up on high,  
 And add a spell that may make bliss o'erflow,  
 When planted on a gentle hill near by,  
 Where does the towering poplar stand up gay.

A lovely pair they also too do make,  
 Far in the valley, or upon the hill,  
 They may arranged be, there forth to break  
 In that same contrast, that must ever fill  
 The heart with pleasure, as they grow at will  
 In masses large, that makes the country where  
 Those spiry trees are planted, ever full  
 Of true variety, that may oft cheer,  
 And teem forth beauty on the eye too here.

Ah ! who that ere fair Helles stream did cleave,  
 In ship of war, or steamer to Stamboul,  
 Can ere forget the spell that it does leave,  
 To view where does the Moslem sleep, each wall  
 Of sombre cypresses rise on each hill ;  
 Beneath the cypress, Orpheus there did weep  
 For Eurydice's death, when rose its knell ;  
 And who can here but love each rising steep,  
 Where that tree rises o'er the lonely deep.

The Buxus tribe do here spring to the view,  
 And such dark trees are often cut out here  
 In many shapes and fancies here below,  
 That often makes them hideous too appear ;  
 But man has fancies got, both far and near :  
 The Buxus on the mountain loves to grow,  
 And where the dead do lie it is oft there—  
 And by the churchyard's mound the box-tree too  
 Is well-adapted in that spot to grow.

The Salisburia and Dacridium too,  
 With Phylodadis also, and her train,  
 As well as Podocarpus here below,  
 May well replenish wastes upon the plain,  
 They in the corner of the wood may reign,  
 And add fresh life unto the scenery round :  
 The fount, the grot, or yet the rural glen,  
 By such fair trees then may we let our land,  
 Have beauty beaming on the plain or mound.

And who can see a glassy glade ere here,  
 Where shelter does abound, in such a spot  
 Near by the portal of the mansion fair—  
 Can aught ere grace it on the earth throughout,  
 Like to Magnolia and her blossoms white,  
 Or purple, or perfumed, as oft they are ?  
 Can such a scene ere fail to give delight,  
 As like to see the foreign tree high soar  
 Far in the wood, or by the mansion door ?

The Rhododendron in its many hues—  
 And the Azalia in its crimson deep—  
 And Kalmia with its cups of pink and rose—  
 And Ledum and Leophyllum, they keep  
 A lasting charm where moisture there does drop :  
 In some sequester'd shade they may dispel  
 The cares of time to man, as he does step  
 At morn or eve along the flow'ry dale,  
 Or by the crystal fountain, river or the rill.

The Clethra and Andromeda can fill  
 The bank or flat that man here vacant sees ;  
 Cassandra and Zenobia too, may well  
 There claim a spot, and too may also rise  
 Among Gaultherias small, and Pienis,  
 Lyonia, and Arbutus may forth grow ;  
 And what in winter can so pure always  
 Here look, as where the fruit does lovely glow,  
 Of the Arbutus, as it beams amid the milky snow ?

The Arctostephylus, the Epigeæa,  
 The Diabocea with them, answer well  
 With Philocarpus and Peneritta ;  
 The Phyllarea and Ligustrum small,  
 Here each may with the Rhamnus never fail  
 To be of use to make the garden gay ;  
 And man should ne'er as he does love his soil,  
 Forget to plant the Olive, that is aye  
 The emblem here of peace—Oh ! could it make such  
 ever by us stay.

The Oleander and the Jasmine too—  
 The Vinca, and Syringa too so gay ;  
 And Fountanesia and Camellias glow,  
 Can always beauty spread upon the way,  
 If well arrang'd among the gardens aye ;  
 And to say nought of other plants that grow,  
 Such as the blooming rose and laurel gay,  
 And Ericas, and hundred plants that blow,  
 And add unto the landscape here a living glow.

But still another tree I must yet name,  
 A sombre tree, clad in that drear array,  
 That ever that respect 'mong us must claim,  
 Due unto it that waves both night and day,  
 Where do the rich and poor here mingle in the clay :  
 The Yew-tree is its name, and I will try  
 To make for it a simple song, that may  
 Remind myself and others, that do hie  
 Unto that place where yew trees tower on high.

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The grave, the home of all men of the earth—  
 The end of man's fond hopes in every clime—  
 The bed of woe, and too, the bed of worth—  
 The bed of mankind through all time ;—  
 In youth, in age, and too, in manhood's prime,  
 Man sinks and sleeps among his father's dust ;  
 Unheard and unknown often here in name—  
 Frail creature is he, hurl'd to earth to rest,  
 And sleep among his fathers when his reign is past.

Oh ! dull and cheerless is the earthly gloom  
 Of the cold grave to mortal man below ;  
 The sullen aspect of the lonely tomb,  
 Does oft appal the beings that do go  
 To visit there the sepulchres that glow :  
 High o'er the dead that once on earth did dwell,  
 Those scenes do sadden children here of woe,  
 As they do hear that ever warning knell,  
 That warns all here upon this earthly vale.

But why should man ere shudder at the same  
 That is the lot of all that breathe below ?  
 Why should that night that none on earth does blame,  
 Be here so felt, among the sons of woe—  
 And wailing that upon the earth do go ?  
 Ah ! nature it is frail, for all our boasting,  
 Trembling, will the strongest bend and bow,  
 At that dread herald that is ever wasting  
 The sons of men here, through time everlasting.

But yet for all earth's tenents that do flow  
 Towards the tomb, no vacancy is felt ;  
 The hum of mirth, and song of life below,  
 Does still go on, and never once does halt :  
 The hale, and stout, and slender mingle now,  
 As they did in the days of time long gone :  
 The lame, the halt, and hoary-headed too,  
 Do meet and revel on this earthly throne,  
 As they were wont to do in days that are now flown.

All travel to that home where care does cease,  
 Where rests the infant and the new-born babe ;  
 The sire, and son, and daughter too, at ease,  
 And relative, that fondly lov'd his tribe,  
 Wherefrom he sprang, and here did life imbibe :  
 The warrior there does sleep, and too, the king,  
 And too, the sage and sophist, that did gibe—  
 And too, the drunkard, that the firey spring  
 Did often quaff, as he went to the left hand wandering.

The poet, and the pastor, and the man  
 Of letters, and of manners, there do sleep ;  
 The thief, and too his minions pale and wan,  
 And the poor gambler that did often reap  
 A golden harvest, and left some to weep :  
 The traveller o'er the earth in many a clime,  
 And too, the sailor that rode o'er the deep,  
 As well as him that ever staid at home,  
 Do sink down there, and calmly rest within the lonely  
 tomb.

The lonely virgin and the bashful wife,  
 And she that did her virtue on earth sell  
 To wayward man, that often feigneth love  
 To feeble woman in this earthly vale,  
 All sink to rest when comes that dreary knell :  
 The knell of death toll'd by the church-man's bell—  
 The knell that warns us that one soul is gone  
 Unto its home beyond this lowly vale,  
 And warns us as we here do go, that life is ever frail.



Oh! Thou Eternal Spirit of all earthly matter,  
 That rules man's destiny in every clime;  
 The God of earth and of the boundless water,  
 That livest here through everlasting time;  
 The God of light and air, that is sublime,  
 Oh! do Thou us poor mortals now here fit  
 To meet that grave, that all of us must claim;  
 And may we while we breathe, be ever lit  
 With virtue's flame, that cheers all by its light.

Fond man, a wondrous being thou art here,  
 Full of complexity in mind and frame;  
 And full of life, and joy, and hope, and fear,  
 And love, and hatred, woe, and too of shame;  
 Thou also discontent and spleen dost claim,  
 In wealth, or want, at rest is ne'er thy frame,  
 In peace, or war, or in the day of fame;  
 Thou in all lands art often near the same,  
 Here seldom at thy rest in any clime.

Man oft upon earth here through rolling time,  
 Although 'mid many wrecks of earth he's placed;  
 Does seldom here among us ere lay claim  
 To happiness, or is he often blest  
 E'en with content, that is the purest trust,  
 And what can only make him in each clime  
 A man that ever can ere east or west  
 Here claim much bliss too in his mind and frame  
 Providing that such virtuous deeds do claim.

Give man his wishes and his own behest,  
 He still has other wishes to fulfil;  
 One hour of calm thought seldom fills his breast,  
 At such like pastimes as do in each vale  
 Rise up, as he does care here try to kill:  
 He labours hard upon life's ocean rude,  
 And is the sport of tempests that do roll  
 Upon life's raging and tempestuous flood,  
 That ne'er is smooth if man's ways are not good.

He often is here tried with grief and pain,  
 And when worn out he lies down on his bed,  
 And sleeps there till he is himself again ;  
 Then ceaseth for a season, cares that led  
 Him in this world whereon he now does tread :  
 He has got pleasures that he meets with here  
 Of his own making, but they shortly bide,—  
 He has got pains that draw the bitter tear ;  
 Such is fond man as he does oft appear.

He has got pastimes for to lull his care,  
 And games of various kinds to kill his woe ;  
 He has got wine and strong drink also here,  
 That works him up to phrenzy oft below,  
 And often makes him wretched here to go :  
 He has got fancies that must be unfurl'd,  
 And whims that also lead him onward too,  
 And by them is he to destruction hurl'd—  
 Such oft is man in all parts of the world.

He also has here various callings too,  
 Some to amuse and to do good below ;  
 Some too do evil and make misery flow,  
 By drinking hard that wakes the bosom throe,  
 And various other games he too does know :  
 But yet for all this he does sometimes good,  
 And does make peace and innocence beam so,  
 Around our homes, that give us ever food  
 For sweet reflection, on the earth and flood.

Ah ! this is but a faint, faint picture given  
 Of man upon the earth by his own brother ;  
 But such here as it is so simply woven,  
 It is enough to let the man or mother  
 Here see, that man's a wondrous being ever,  
 Here seldom understood by saint or sage,  
 Or yet by sophist, be he ere so clever—  
 Or yet by art, or yet by history's page,  
 Can he be well here understood in any age.

Yet there's an eye beyond the ocean wave,  
 And o'er the blue bright sky of silent even,  
 That sees all passions that on earth do rave,  
 And what is on the heart and soul engraven—  
 And what will be to each and all here given—  
 And from eternity to it again,  
 Does it aye see what ever here has been ;  
 And what will happen to the sons of men  
 In every land, beneath the glowing sun.

Such is the eye of God that sees always—  
 That God, whose ear does hear all sounds below,  
 Where myriad beings breathe upon this maze—  
 No sigh, no murmur from the heart can flow—  
 No grovelling care before, or even now—  
 No inward thought of joy or yet of pain,  
 Or impious plot to kindle others' woe,  
 Is ere unknown to Him who high does reign,  
 The God of earth and of the ocean main.

No hidden passion that ere stained the heart—  
 No flame that ere lit up man's waking breast—  
 No heart-felt tears that fell in any part—  
 No glorious anthem sung forth east or west—  
 No murd'rous deed ere plann'd by guilty lust—  
 No thorny path that mankind ever trode,  
 Or fervent sigh that rose in time now past,  
 But what was seen, and heard too by that God—  
 The God of peace that rules on every side.

Such is the God of truth, and such is man,  
 And such too, is the grave where yews do blow,  
 And hang too, o'er them that on earth did reign :  
 It does for many years around us grow,  
 And decks the tombs here of the high and low ;  
 And too it is a tree that still may add  
 Unto the beauty of the landscape's glow ;  
 As high in air its sombre leaves do spread,  
 It may delight the eye e'en by the lawn or mead.

Or deep too in the glen, where does unfold  
 The wild rose and the primrose side by side ;  
 And where does teem forth what might often gild  
 The homes of princes, or may-be, the bride  
 Might be adorn'd in robes here from the wood :  
 That all the art of man could ere attain,  
 Could not make forms to deck her on each side  
 Like to those flowers spread out upon the plain,  
 Or by the wood, or in the mountain glen.

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There is a little simple flower,  
 That cheers the wanderer aye ;  
 On hill, and dale, and lonely bower,  
 In many a distant sky :  
 It seeks the towering mountain's brow,  
 Where does the tempest reign ;  
 And too, the valley deep below,  
 And too, the spreading plain.

Deep in the wood it loves to dwell,  
 And by the crystal spring ;  
 And near too, where the churchman's bell,  
 Does oft in air high ring :  
 It decks the lover's carpet here,  
 And lights the earth around ;  
 The home of prince and princess fair,  
 In many a foreign land.

It does delight the eye of youth  
 And too, the day of age ;  
 In east, in west, in north and south,  
 It gilds fair Nature's page ;  
 No velvet mantle it adorns,  
 Yet lovely is its glow ;  
 It smiles wherever mankind turns,  
 The mountain daisy low.

Oh, Thou ! that pourest on virtuous man delight,  
And on the slave of sin here nought but woe ;  
Such thou art mem'ry, and on earth thy sprite  
Does often spread a lasting spell below,  
By the unerring truth that here in thee does glow :  
Far on the sea, and o'er the lands of earth,  
High up in mountain air, amid the snow,  
Or on the plains here in the south or north,  
Thou canst here scenes recall of evil or of worth.

And thou hast pleasures for us here, and pains,  
When man the images does trace of youth ;  
'Tis then he knows thee, and thy ills and gains,  
And owns thy power, and too, thy glow of truth,  
As do thy images pour on him in life forth :  
Far on the sea, and on the river's flood,  
The man of sorrow hies from south to north—  
As mem'ry wakes and wraps him in a cloud  
Of spleen and care, that marks his dreary road.

And as the night-winds round his bed do sigh,  
He sleeps, rock'd by the billows of the main ;  
And as the rising sun does pour the day,  
He often finds while here, that rising spleen  
Has left him not ; but still he is as when  
He was upon the land of his sweet home,  
That is aye brightest almost to all men,  
The longer they are from it, while they roam,  
Such scenes as mem'ry wakes are often bright to some.

Such oft is done by men who here do thrive,  
But why should man that is now rich and strong,  
Still seek a foreign shore, that seldom ere can give  
That glow of happiness to old or young,  
That discontented are among this earthly throng ?  
A better pastime I'll find for him far,  
In making scenes arise that may prolong  
His days, and happiness as he goes here—  
Go sighing forth, and pining over care.

The first grand antidote on earth for spleen,  
 Is for the sons of men to grow here good ;  
 And learn to murmur not, as never gain  
 Is made among us on the land or flood  
 In discontent, with what does on each side  
 Rise up around us—things we cannot stay  
 Or ever help, then where is profit made,  
 Among us here frail creatures of a day ?  
 To be contented such is pleasure aye :

Ah ! this is easy said ; the rich man here may say,  
 But what am I to do to kill my care ?  
 To such I say, for ever and for aye,  
 Just do grow good ; and seek the open air,  
 And try to meet with bliss, by making there  
 A garden full of flowers, and also fruit :  
 And I a few hints will now throw out here  
 What kind of scenes need be in it throughout,  
 For pleasure or for profit, that some here may suit.

First seek the woods and wilds of nature fair,  
 And try to cultivate a taste for what does grow  
 Far in the forest and the mountain drear ;  
 And learn the names and uses even too  
 Of many trees and plants that by us blow,  
 And shrubs of many kinds, and also flowers ;  
 And singing birds, and fishes here below,  
 And shells and stones, and also rocky bowers  
 That are met with where ere the forest towers.

A word or two on making lawns and roads,  
 And ponds, and paddocks, and much else besides,  
 May now be said, as there some pleasant rides  
 May be cut out, or planted 'mong the glades,  
 And fissures in the hills and on the meads :  
 The man of taste will here divide his lands  
 In various portions, and upon hill sides  
 If they are there, he will oft take his friends  
 To see each glorious scene, that oft the landscape lends.

About the making here of roads, some say  
 They should be that shape, and they should be this one ;  
 Some say formality should never lead the way—  
 And that the roads should oft turn out and in,  
 To vary oft each wood and rising scene :  
 Some say they should be straight both far and near—  
 And some the line of beauty have to win,  
 Applause for skill, and too for talent here,  
 In making graceful turnings in each road, both far and  
 near.

The first great road that may be wanted here,  
 Is that same one that leads from the main road,  
 Where much sound counsels do on such appear  
 In volumes, that for ever do explode  
 The systems of the straight roads that are made :  
 They say, let such a curve be of such kind,  
 And let it break at first from the high road,  
 At some fair favourite spot where is a bend,  
 To make folks think that them the great road does  
 befriend.

And they will tell you even something more,  
 That your own road must run far to one side,  
 For to display some pretty spot e'en where  
 A glimpse of your fair mansion may abide  
 Upon the eye, to point out beauty and too pride :  
 But then they say this is a dangerous game  
 For to be play'd with houses here low made ;  
 You even may upon yourself bring shame,  
 Without your house is high and wide the same.

And some do say that where a turning bends,  
 If there no obstacle presents itself,  
 Your neighbours, and e'en too your loving friends,  
 They must be cheated into that belief,  
 By your there planting trees to give relief  
 Unto both parties, and they also say,  
 That man may make it here a point in chief,  
 Not for to wander out far on the way,  
 For fear he might against his neighbour's ground then  
 stray:

As such might on a stranger's mind impress,  
 The thought that your place was not large  
 As it appeared to be, in its unfading dress :  
 By such, it may be thought, that you disparage  
 Yourself, if there be truth in that same charge ;  
 A lesson to such folks from Æsop may  
 Be here well-tim'd, about the frog so sage,  
 That tri'd to match the ox that near did stray,  
 But not with that success to be applauded aye.

Oh ! mortal man, here learn that empty pride  
 Exalts thee only but again to fall ;  
 That it is not by the bombastic stride  
 That thou canst ere transcend, or round thee cull  
 That wreath of fame that no man dare to pull  
 Forth from thy high and heaven-erected brow :  
 Simplicity and truth does never on earth fail  
 To make thy work upon the earth below,  
 To have a lasting charm and an unfading glow.

'Tis not for thee here to attempt too much,  
 That only will thy troubl'd vision pain ;  
 And make the aspect of thy works to teach,  
 Thy neighbours, from the same here to refrain :  
 Now, Reader, of those humble lines now gain  
 A knowledge of thyself, and too, what freaks,  
 Thine own unbridl'd fancy may bring on  
 Scenes may arise that often peace here breaks,  
 If man does learn not wisdom that the soul awake

But to the roads and also walks likewise,  
 And let us finish that, that cleaves the wood,  
 And winds, unto the mansion 'mid the trees ;  
 Or too, perchance, such is a naked road,  
 That is oft found on hill and river side :  
 In times of old when man here little car'd  
 For Nature's beauty, when Le Notre liv'd,  
 The straight lines did the man of taste then guide,  
 As many walks and avenues attest, where ever man  
 does bide.



Round Hampton Court, and too St. James's Mall,  
 The charm is not yet broken that did reign,  
 Then round the castellated antient hall,  
 The spell that then awoke, does converts win,  
 Though few and far they may now be between,  
 The lovers of the geometric plan  
 Could then ne'er have a pleasure ground or lawn,  
 Without its avenues of trees were seen,  
 They did e'en think no beauty ere without such here  
 could reign.

But when the sun of landscape rose still higher,  
 And some keen men did such lines then condemn ;  
 The passion then did run from shore to shore—  
 For not to have three trees in one straight line—  
 And then it was the glist'ning axe did shine,  
 And did cut thousands of them then away,  
 Of fair, fair trees that did in long lines run,  
 Around the homes of mansions wide and gay,  
 Such here did taste, soon clear those lines away.

And then a battle tough too, soon arose  
 Between those champions, that the axes led ;  
 Some did declare that they must scan the laws  
 That Nature fair did o'er the earth o'erspread ;  
 And some did say, that here those doctrines led—  
 That for to have a garden fair and bright,  
 Facsimiles of Nature must be made ;  
 Or something of the kind, that to the sight  
 Might seem more natural, than those lines so straight.

Man was said to want taste and beauty too,  
 Who did not have spread out in masses vast,  
 In corners bare, fair trees that there might glow,  
 Where axes there the same scene had undrest,  
 To shew forth unto man superior taste :  
 Such men did on the public here impress,  
 The consequences of lines east and west,  
 That were not straight, and also did advise,  
 To have dead trees and rooks' nests there, to glad the  
 pilgrim's eyes.

Some said again, there might rise up to view  
 Another style, that nobleness might give  
 Unto the landscape; and they e'en did shew  
 By words and works, and arguments too, grave,  
 What might be done by wood, or lawn, and wave,  
 Of rippling water, where swan-like might float,  
 The birds of many a clime, and also shadows move,  
 'Mong ruined walls and arches, that no doubt  
 Were not meant to be placed in there for nought:

And some had there the gondola or boat,  
 To sail among the islands, where did wave  
 There many a tree and shrub, and flowering plant;  
 And some had ruins near, and they would have  
 The ivy, and much more that did the tempests brave:  
 The circle and the oval then did play  
 A mighty part, and wild war then did move  
 Among those champions who did boldly say,  
 That in the wild wood, or the shady grove in any sky

The circle was not seen, the old school said,  
 And too the new—and rook's nest men did say,  
 That circles or straight lines in Nature's wood  
 Were never found, but yet for all that fray,  
 The men of circles made scenes often gay,  
 And touches of the true sublime are seen  
 By mansions old, e'en now unto this day—  
 Although to break those lines so smooth and plain,  
 A good improvement might be made to-day on hill and  
 plain;

To break the formal line, and round it so  
 That it may pleasant stand unto the sight,  
 Is a great art upon the earth below;  
 And for to study such, the rocky height,  
 And the pure grace of Nature's forms must light  
 The soul of him who plants around us now:  
 A scene for to enchant and give delight,  
 Must be well studied on the mountain's brow,  
 And in the woods and wilds where beauty real does glow.

There is a medium in all things on earth,  
 But men of different minds go to extremes ;  
 By many, plans and fancies that come forth  
 And teem upon the brain, and to man seems  
 The essence of perfection oftentimes :  
 But since the days of those departed men—  
 That we are here obliged to in all climes—  
 Some others rose, but all do here condemn  
 The road that is here straight, on hill or plain the same.

But with their talent, see our cities grand—  
 Bestud with squares and straight lines even too,  
 And planted in such mixtures, on each hand,  
 That I would never vindicate below ;  
 And sure as needs-be, beauty cannot flow  
 Where discord reigns, and where do there high grow,  
 The evergreen, and the deciduous tree,  
 Without e'en order, that in every sky  
 Is beauty's essence, in the night and day here aye.

Yet strange to say, that one and all agree,  
 Unto this day about the lines that run,  
 For miles quite parallel, and do destroy,  
 A deal of beauty, as can never shine,  
 The glow of Nature where such lines do reign :  
 Such formal lines are thought not much of where  
 The painter paints the scenes of hill or plain,—  
 Do we see in his picture ever here,  
 Such lines unfold themselves, afar or near ?

But now unto the mighty man of taste,  
 Be here my song directed—and may he  
 That spares not wealth to raise a scene up chaste  
 Around his home, in town or country aye,  
 May no such lines around his mansion play ;  
 'Tis him that will appreciate here below  
 The power of beauty and simplicity ;  
 And I a plan have made for him e'en too,  
 That yet may raise another taste such is my wish e'en now.

Now, here a question, or e'en two or three—  
 To him I may now put without e'en fear,  
 Although such questions may not answer'd be :  
 Did ever man, that rang'd the wild wood o'er—  
 Or either sportsman that strays far and near,  
 In Nature's wilds, meet lines like that now meant?  
 Or did he meet with trees at random there,  
 Plac'd out like those that men do often plant,  
 In many a square and garden, here without constraint?

No : 'tis not now likely that there ere he would  
 Meet roads in Nature's wilds, but he might meet  
 More lovely spots than ever here he could  
 In any garden, where such scenes do greet  
 The eye, as them now by me hinted at :  
 'Tis man who makes our roads, and who does get  
 Our lawns, and clumps of trees laid out by art ;  
 And as he does so, why not make them fit  
 For to adorn, like unto Nature's scenes throughout?

Ye men of taste who have such roads by you,  
 Just set to work and cut them up at once,  
 And try to make those lovely lines there flow,  
 That in the wild-wood do all men enhance,  
 That with a painter's eye can see such scenes advance :  
 Let masses large of gravel here expand,  
 Irregular in form they will entrance,  
 When lines here running straight can never send  
 Such beauty through the woods or glades, as they can  
 to earth's end.

It must not here be thought that I do wish,  
 To do away with gravel roads at once ;  
 It is their forms that I now want to crush,—  
 I'd have them still, aye, and that e'en no glance  
 Of painter or of poet, could here ere advance  
 One wish to have them as they are e'en now :  
 Search England o'er, and Germany or France,  
 And try if can be found that pretty glow  
 That would arise by art of man, where such lines forth  
 did flow.

Upon the plan now made, we there may find  
 The gravel, wood and grass, and every tree ;  
 And mass of trees, or flowers, or fruits, that bend  
 Their parent stems, so plac'd in every way  
 To give out breadth and beauty to make gay :  
 No isolated trees do there forth stand,  
 Or should there be a line to mark out aye  
 The different species that in masses blend,  
 Or ought to do so like fair Nature's groups in every land.

Ah ! could man have but here a chance to get,  
 Among a wood of Nature's, where no axe  
 Of man did ere disfigure, or it put  
 In sad confusion by his quirks and tricks,  
 And schemes, that he has species fair to mix :  
 No line of demarcation there is seen,  
 They are so blended where the frontier breaks,  
 That all is harmony throughout the scene,  
 That rises there far in the wild-wood green.

And there too, man may find a glorious spot,  
 High o'er the rock and by the crystal flood,  
 That might direct him to make lawn or grot,  
 Or rock, or winding stream, or shady road,  
 Or lovely bower, or picturesque cascade :  
 Ye advocates of every school of taste,  
 Get up at morn and cleave the shady wood,  
 And spend some days or hours up in that waste,  
 And come down here below, and make thy picture  
 chaste.

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There is over the wood and the silver-cloud,  
 Much there for to glad the eye ;  
 Where the eagle cleaves his airy road,  
 And the night-star gleams on high :  
 Where the icicle streams in the air oft aye,  
 And the blue sky glads the scene ;  
 Oh ! where can an hour be spent so gay,  
 As far o'er the wild-wood green ?

There no discordance rises to man,  
 To mar every scene around ;  
 The touch of sublimity there does reign,  
 By the wood and the rocky mound :  
 Then hie up now to the mountain peak,  
 Ye lovers of taste below ;  
 And try for to make each outline break,  
 Like what there soft does flow.

There order, the law of Nature aye,  
 Does reign triumphant ere  
 No masses of trees, or flowers so gay,  
 Are heedlessly jumbld up there :  
 No clipt up trees, or rocks built fair,  
 With different stones, surprise ;  
 No corners square, or masses there,  
 Of more than one kind arise.

Go up on high some sunny day,  
 When the dew is drank by the air ;  
 And come down again and clear away,  
 Some of those scenes oft here  
 That give delight, without the sprite  
 Of taste or judgment either ;  
 As still on earth it 's ne'er too late  
 To mend in some way or other.

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Oh, Reader ! now, whoever you may be,  
 This is no fable that I now do paint ;  
 Look on the hundred miles of shrubbery,  
 That do meander round each noble haunt  
 Of men of worth, and say, if I now vaunt,  
 When speaking of our squares and gardens too,  
 That are o'erspread with many a flowering plant ;  
 But order reigns not there as man may know,  
 If he will but some questions ask below.

Look at our masses here of man-built rocks,  
 Can they ere charm the lover here of taste?  
 Can many species of wild-plants or blocks  
 Of different kinds of stone, in east or west,  
 Rise up together in a pile, and be there richly drest?  
 Oh, no! we find not such at home, or yet abroad  
 On mountain, or in glen, or craggy steep how vast;  
 But then, we have it by us, and bestow'd  
 Upon it are some praises, as man onward passes on his  
 earthly road.

To Him who gives the living glow of light,  
 And harmony unto the landscape over;  
 The God of Nature thron'd on high, whose bright  
 And beaming beauties here, man cannot ever  
 Once comprehend, as he on earth does waver;  
 For on the precipice, and by the cave,  
 And by the grotto, man may aye discover,  
 That order e'en in every tree and grove,  
 That o'er the sea and land does bend and move

To Him immutable, and clad in glory—  
 That paints fair Nature in each far abode,  
 Wherever mortals on the earth do tarry,  
 Ere by the forest, or the sea-girt road,  
 Or by the mighty river's rolling tide:  
 To Him are all indebted in each clime,  
 For what is on this mighty world o'erspread,  
 Here for the good of all life that does teem,  
 In every land abroad, and too at home, all, all is still the  
 same.

He sends the rains, and also too the snows,  
 And frosts, and dews of morning and of eve;  
 And makes the many rising overflows  
 Of rivers large, and tides that here do leave  
 What fertilizes plains, where life and love  
 Does rise sustain'd by might and also pow'r,  
 That language cannot paint, or canvass prove  
 The beauty and the splendour of each bower  
 That rises o'er the earth, both far and near.

Now I have said enough to let man see,  
 'Tis not quite such an easy task to make  
 A lawn or road that will curve naturally,  
 And serve here as a model for to shake,  
 The taste that is established, where we wake ;  
 Nor is it easy for to shape a wood,  
 Or yet to make a hill, or yet to stake  
 The outline of a shrubbery or road,  
 So as it does not cross at angles far and wide.

Nor is it easy for to mix fair trees  
 Of evergreens, or yet of other kinds,  
 Although some thousand gardeners oft surprise  
 By what is called taste, that oft extends  
 For miles around the nobles of all lands :  
 If man but only knew how to adapt  
 Each plant and tree, that so wide here expands ;  
 Now to its proper soil he might be apt  
 To have more fruits, than what we have now round us  
 here enwrapt.

We here might have the luscious grape grow well,  
 And many other fruits in open ground,  
 Upon some shelter'd and fair bending hill,  
 That on our coasts do oftentimes extend ;  
 And where there wonders might arise, if found  
 The poorest and the shallowest soils that are  
 Now spurn'd by cunning man, that aye is fond  
 Of seeking deep and rich soils for to rear  
 His fruit-trees on, but what use oft are his trees for ?

Did ever traveller who went far or near  
 Find all trees planted in a rich deep soil ?  
 Does Nature rear her woods for ever there,  
 Upon the plain, or do her fruits there smile,  
 As they do on the mountain side or hill ?  
 Are there no timber trees ere found without  
 Man's knife or saws' being us'd on them at will ?  
 Do they without his skill have never fruit,  
 Or do they ere have stirring or manure like his on earth  
 throughout ?



Here after man has made his gardens fair,  
 And planted them, and furnished them with flowers,  
 And fruits, and founts, and rivers also clear,  
 And grots, and statues for his shady bowers,  
 With cataracts that music onward pours,  
 And too, with cattle, sheep and also deer,  
 To fill the distant picture, and likewise  
 Spread to the view of mankind, far or near,  
 A scene of valleys, hills, and villages, with woods to rise  
 up also there ;

And Doric temples, and too hermits' cells,  
 And antient arches, and e'en ruins made  
 By art, there crumbling also in the dales,—  
 With squirrels that may haunt the forest side,  
 And dart from tree to tree with flowing tails,  
 With moats, and lakes, where swans may graceful go,  
 And rivers rippling o'er their rocky falls,  
 With fountains springing where the waters flow,  
 Where gold and silver fishes dart there to and fro ;

With walks of evergreens there for to shade,  
 And shelter too the snow-drops that may deck  
 The scene in winter, and too overspread  
 The simple Ruscus, that flowers when does speak  
 The winter or loud storms, that oft do wake :  
 Each sit there in the wood in winter drear,  
 Untouched like virtue in the storms that break  
 Forth in this world, where often risies care,  
 And passion's cloud, that does make bliss flee far.

All this, and more, may man have round him here,  
 But all will not here always to him bring  
 That happiness, and too, that bliss so pure,  
 That is found for to flow forth from the spring,  
 Not here of feign'd, but pure as light's own wing—  
 The fount of bliss, that 's pure religion :  
 For all the birds that in the wood do sing,  
 Or all the beauty of the trees ere grown,  
 Can make not happy, where it is unknown.

Oh! in some sunny hour, could he whom spleen  
 Has mark'd out as its own, find but some nook,  
 Or corner of his garden, far from men;  
 And could he unto Nature's lovely book  
 Just turn and read the same, and try to brook  
 The world's cares—he yet may live to find  
 That peace, that man in vain for oft does look,  
 As he does wander toss'd by every wind  
 And wave, of life's rude ocean seldom ever bland.

Oh, truth! what is like thee upon the earth?  
 And honor too, what art thou not here worth?  
 And honesty, of pure and heavenly birth?  
 Where can three pleasures hover round man's hearth  
 Like unto them, so full of harmless mirth?  
 Where can they not upon this wide earth reign?  
 And shew their beauty ever beaming forth,  
 Bright as the streams of light sent by the sun,  
 To light the earth around the home of man, as he his  
 race doth run:

And where—Oh, where! can man on earth ere find  
 A pleasure likely to bring health and peace?  
 More than to go and exercise the mind,  
 Where sings the bird and hum the honey bees,  
 Among the tall and spreading leafy trees:  
 Truth has its charms, and here in youth or age  
 It teacheth wisdom as man often sees  
 Out-spread upon fair Nature's lovely page,—  
 The Teacher that delights the saint and sage.



